



APR 22 1912

THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE

No. 2084

[Registered as a
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CONTENTS of No. 43. THURSDAY, April 11.

THE HOME RULE BILL.
COMMENTS OF THE WEEK.
AN ANALYSIS OF THE
VOTE.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.
By Junius.

"RUGGER." By Delf.

BALLADES URBANE.
XLIII. A Ballade of the
Grotesque. By G. K. C.

MODERN RELIGION. By
Hilaire Belloc.

THE BLOOD OF A COR-
NISHMAN. By Thomas
Secombe.

THE FAMOUS COLONEL
BLOOD. By Desmond
McCarthy.

YYING STRANGE FORMS
WITH FANCY. By P. H.
Waggett.

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CONTENTS.

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR

The Round of the Clock in the World of Books.

"OH, TO BE POPULAR!"

The Great British Public and the "Best-Selling" Novel — By CHARLES D. LESLIE.

A PUBLISHING HOUSE

The History of Harper and Brothers and Their Friends.

A LONDON LETTER

Sir Sidney Colvin Talks about R. L. Stevenson — By JAMES MILNE.

AT OMAR'S GRAVE

The Tale of a Pilgrimage by a Wandering Scholar.

AUTHORS THREE!

Thomas Hardy, William Watson and Ernest Thompson Seton.

THE NECESSARY INGENUE

Some Aspects of the Golden Girl Born for Novel-Heroes — By C. E. LAWRENCE.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY

Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

A Chronicle of the Noteworthy Publications of March with a Reviewing Commentary.

THE PERIODICALS

Contents of some April Reviews and Magazines.

Illustrated Supplement: Books of the Day in Portrait and Picture.

PUBLISHERS

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week ...	451	The "Quartier" in Lon-	
April ...	452	don ...	465
The Alluring Quotation ...	452	The Bosphorus ...	466
Balzac.—II ...	453	A Great Pioneer of Com-	
A Few Notes on Monsieur		merce.—II ...	467
Henri de Régner ...	454	The Magazines ...	468
Reviews:—		Hope's Antithesis ...	470
An Inhabitant of		The Theatre:—	
Heaven ...	455	"Othello" at His	
The Toilers of the Sea	456	Majesty's ...	470
Lafcadio Hearn and		The Adelphi Play	
European Criticism	458	Society ...	471
Lovely Kashmir ...	459	Old English Masters at	
The Aden Hinterland	460	McLean's Galleries ...	471
Fruits, Flowers, and		Foreign Reviews ...	472
Vegetables for All	461	Notes and News ...	473
The Making of North-		Motoring ...	474
ern Nigeria ...	461	Imperial and Foreign Affairs	475
Some Studies by Tol-		In the Temple of Mammon	476
stoy ...	462	Correspondence ...	477
Shorter Reviews ...	463	Books Received ...	478
Fiction ...	464		

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

THE herd of Syndicalists who have been so badly found out in connection with the Coal Strike by the more intelligent workers of the country, are trying to save their faces by promising dire events in the near future. Once bit, twice shy. The miners obliged them by striking for an idea, and they are now resuming work wiser although much poorer men. They struck to enable inflated wind-bags to air their oratory in the House of Commons instead of at the pit-head, and to draw £400 a year as a trifling honorarium. Of course it is annoying to these gentry to discover that they have played the wrong cards, and being mob-orators who have no respect for the intelligence of the audiences they address, they believe they can delude them a second time with the confidence trick.

We do not think that the substance will again be sacrificed for the shadow. Workers have had enough of revolutionaries who would subvert organised society to serve their selfish ends. The workers' gorge rises at so-called leaders who are too comfortable in their berths to tell them plainly whither Mr. Vernon Harts-horn and other persons of that type are leading them. A plague on both your houses. Intelligible statement and demonstrable concrete benefit will be demanded

in future in lieu of fantastic doctrines, and the betrayal of the worker.

We have the greatest respect for Sir Herbert Tree's judgment in theatrical matters, but we rather regret to observe a statement attributed to him in connection with Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry. We have given unstinted praise to that lady for her portrayal of Trilby and Desdemona, but we do not know on what ground Sir Herbert Tree is reported to have said that the actress will make a great name in the direction of tragedy. Neither Trilby nor Desdemona are tragic parts, although they are connected with tragedy. To know what you can work at is, according to Carlyle, the most difficult problem which confronts mankind. With a long experience of the theatre, we believe that actors and actresses, when they attain to celebrity, show greater lack of perception in this respect than those engaged in other walks of life. It would be pitiful if a chance expression of opinion were to mislead a young and promising actress as to the sphere in which eminence in the future will surely be realised.

Surely the "Saturday Letter-bag" of the *Westminster Gazette*—a page which we used to read with great interest—is becoming rather a happy hunting-ground for faddists? For the last few months its correspondents have been allowed to run wild. Columns have been written on whether it is correct to say "John is not so brave as James," or "John is not as brave as James"; on the faculty of visualising numbers or "thinking in pictures"—which, with all due deference to Sir Francis Galton's fascinating work, can be made a very dull discussion; and on many other subjects which require the liveliest treatment if they are to be at all tolerable. This week comes a half-column letter cheerfully entitled "Teeth and Appendicitis," which, after various picturesque physiological details, deals with the charms of drinking "much warm water all day long" in order to "empty the capillaries and soothe the nerves." Personally we prefer full capillaries and troubled nerves to the absorption of warm water all day long. The writer proceeds to recommend woollen nightcaps, woollen garments and night-stockings, and sleeping in blankets, and we hope rheumatic readers will be duly grateful. The next item is a letter with the heading "Talking Horses"—but we refrain, merely begging whoever controls the "Saturday Letter-bag" to remember the poor, starving waste-paper basket.

The faddist, in fact, seems to be particularly to the front just now. One gentleman "has just completed 168 hours" on home-made lemonade and stout. The result was "a beautiful feeling of elasticity in the body." If he continues this treatment for many more hours we warn him that his body will soon become so beautifully elastic that it will flip his soul off to another world. Record-breaking is all very well, but there are limits beyond which it becomes dangerous—and silly.

April

I WELCOME with delight
Thy solitude, Thy light,
O dewy April morn,
Thou child of heaven, new-born!

When mist lies o'er the sea,
The vale, the flowering lea,
When up and down the hill,
Is seen the daffodil,

April, thy breath is mild,
Thy spirit undefiled;
Sometimes I see thee smile,
And sometimes weep the while.

Within my secret shrine,
Thy smiles and tears entwine,
Emblems of one most dear,
I ever dream of here.

GWENDOLEN TALBOT.

The Alluring Quotation

IF Longfellow had never written anything but his "Psalm of Life," and if Charles Kingsley had written nothing but his admonitory verse "Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever," they would yet have reached a fame undying, if rather circumscribed; for out of every hundred victims who pen gentle inanities to adorn that repository of the infinitesimal, the modern girl's autograph album, fifty seem to select one of these two commendably blameless exercises in rhyme, thus disclosing the shortness of the tether within whose radius they browse. The first quotation probably represents to them the acme of poetic passion, and the second, setting aside the doubtful compliment it contains (which is invariably missed), stands for some measure of that mysterious, semi-religious comfort of which "The Lost Chord" is another example: the windy, meaningless "grand A-men" has thrilled many an immature listener into a delightful imaginary intimacy with the next world. But if those who insert these quotations only knew the irritating effect of their well-meant efforts upon the more eclectic ones who for their sins have albums thrust upon them, they might seek other less hackneyed material. Hardly, perhaps, were it discreet to advise them to write original contributions; it would be extremely interesting, however, to know what imperishable tags would be selected.

To most reading men, probably, there are words and phrases which whenever seen bring with them a sense of acute distaste. One will admit a permanent antipathy to the adjectives "opaline" and "opalescent," arising from the perusal of the works of a certain lady

novelist who sadly overworked those two words; another will shudder at the sound of "compunction," "primordial," "matutinal," "bourgeois"; a third hates to hear or see the combination "buxom wench"; and we all prefer not to read of the "succulent bivalve," and other *clichés* of the provincial journalist. Whether, in the first place, it is because the words are ugly and unmusical, or by reason of some mental kink in the individual, it is hard to say; possibly both are predisposing factors. In the case of quotations, however, sight and sound take a subordinate place to taste; and here, too, step in culture, education, and a sense for the capabilities of the English language. The pure style is never loaded with quotations. "A straightforward style," said Professor William James, "means a flexibility of verbal resource that follows the thought without a crease or a wrinkle, as elastic silk underclothing follows the movements of one's body;" and the very existence of a "flexibility of verbal resource" implies that the writer's equipment is sufficient for his purpose without the frequent assistance of powder and shot from other people's pouches.

Nothing betrays the incompetent or undeveloped essayist so thoroughly as his use or misuse of quotations. Lacking ideas, he is driven to desperate foraging before his first sheet is covered. The poor quotation is dragged in by one ear, howling for release, and we get a dozen or a score of sentences beginning: "Who does not remember the gentle Elia's words upon this very subject?" . . . "We might do worse than follow Carlyle's dictum to the effect that . . ." "Tennyson once wrote. . ." "Let us see what Whittier has to say on this theme. . ." "There is a passage in 'Paradise Lost'—some of my readers may be familiar with it—which. . ." and so on. Between each quotation will wriggle a vague little sentence to "join up"; at the finish the "author" will sign his name, and send the poverty-stricken concoction in as an original essay. How many times have we seen them, smiled, and sighed!

To compose the neat essay, with just the one or two quotations that shall drive the point home and warm the reader with a glow of appreciation, requires deliberate and definite concentration of thought. Hundreds of young writers are misled by the chatty, effortless style of Lamb, Thoreau, or Hazlitt into the belief that anything they choose to set down must be of value. Vaguely dissatisfied with the result, they brace and stiffen their work with borrowed bolts and stays, and the last stage is worse than the first—it is neither one thing nor the other, but a hotch-potch, an ambitious attempt and obvious failure. "The art of quotation," wrote Isaac Disraeli, "requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract."

The apt, judiciously chosen quotation is like the extra charge in gun-testing, which enables the well-aimed projectile not only to hit the mark, but to penetrate the armour-plate. Used too freely, it simply wearies the reader and savours of pedantry: neglected, it often means an excellent opportunity lost. W. L. R.

Balzac.—II

By FRANK HARRIS.

THE realist is continually trying to paint ordinary men and ordinary women: the result is drab commonplace. To go further: even if he could give a photographic representation of life, the result would still be inadequate and unsatisfactory. We want life as seen by a great man; literature is the speech of great men; the more they tell us about life the better; but they must always tell it to us in terms of themselves: the glimpse we catch of them is at least as important as their vision of life; and all great men are profoundly convinced of the truth that progress and growth do not depend on ordinary men and women, but on themselves and on their peers—not on the sailors in the fore-castle, but on those who set the course and steer the ship.

The great painter, whether in words or colours, is possessed at the same time of two ideas which seem contradictory. He does not want to paint you a particular valet, but the valet; and at the same time he feels that, if he generalises the valet spirit too broadly, the result will be, not a living man, but a wooden type. He must generalise as far as possible without losing the flavour of the individual. He has to do a living portrait which at the same time will be a great picture: no one who ever wrote understood this better than Balzac. One said of him, "His very scullions have genius." His mind was like the elephant's trunk that can uproot trees and next moment pick up pins: he had the widest range of generalisation with the most extraordinary greediness for individual and characteristic peculiarities. He will tell you in one sentence that "bankers are bandits," outseeing Proudhon, and the next moment will paint you an old man, down to the one yellow wagging tooth in his mouth, with more than the particularity of Dickens. His sympathy is wider than that of any other artist. All sorts and conditions of humanity are equally beloved by him. He will paint an angelic woman dewy fresh from the heaven of Swedenborg, and with the same passion of realisation distil you the last drop of gall from the acrid soul of Cousine Bette. He will depict a chivalrous colonel or a Jew usurer, a Paris journalist or a poet, a convict or a prostitute, a swindler or a millionaire, a modest Mignon or a *filles aux yeux d'or*, a great lady or a saint or a Baronne Hulot, with the same sovereign impartiality. No one, not even Shakespeare himself, has this width and acuteness of vision. His outlook is as much wider than that of Shakespeare as our world is more complex than that of Elizabeth, and, if we do not yet think his masterpieces as consummate as the

masterpieces of Shakespeare, it is perhaps because we are still too near them to judge them fairly; for a dozen volumes of Balzac are master-works, and must remain part of the furniture of the human mind for centuries to come.

The wonder is that, while Balzac stands with Shakespeare himself in creative power and wisdom, he has come to this supreme eminence in spite of a literary style almost as careless and loose as that of St. Paul. He did not go to old French for neologisms like his romantic contemporaries, Victor Hugo and the rest, but to the chemical laboratories of Paris and the dissecting-tables for special terms, to the studios and stock exchanges and machine shops for expressive slang. And thus he formed for himself a voice of incomparable richness, variety, and colour, whose very range includes harshness of tone and dissonance of accent. It is this heedlessness and apparent formlessness of his literary style which points us to his main defect as a writer. Verbal correctness and smoothness, as he himself saw, matter little: a great figure is as fine in sandstone as in marble: indeed, the very defects of the material frequently add to the impressiveness of the conception. But Balzac's carelessness of verbal form was only part of his general carelessness. He was almost everything rather than a scrupulous and great artist. Goethe has got a pregnant word on the matter: "In der Beschraenkung zeigt sich erst der Meister" ("By his self-control we know the master"). It was rare indeed that Balzac could control and limit himself: but now and then he reached even this height: "Le Curé de Tours" is a triumph of the artist spirit, an almost faultless work of supreme art.

Balzac's life is as interesting and as wonderful as his prodigious achievement. In "Louis Lambert" he shows us that he was a thinker of the first order while still a schoolboy, and when a man he was continually getting into hot water through what looked like childish heedlessness and extravagance: with the years he grew unworldly-wise; imagination ran away with the grey-beard—"Those whom the gods love grow young."

He had studied law and spent his youth among notaries and attorneys, and while still in his teens, had learned the value of money in the harshest school. Yet he lost himself in wild speculations, and, like Rembrandt, collected *bibelots* and works of art that kept him poor to the very end of his life.

There never was so indefatigable a workman. He had already written forty or fifty volumes before he published "Les Chouans" at thirty years of age. Nearly all these early works are lost; but shortly before publishing the first of the memorable novels which remain to us he wrote to his sister, "Sans génie je suis flambé" ("If I haven't genius, I shall come to utter grief"), and then proceeded in the next twenty-five years to write fifty volumes more. He often had three

novels on the stocks at the same time: this one to pay a pressing debt, that one to buy a wonderful picture, the other to defray the expenses of a journey to Warsaw or Budapest. When over forty he fell in love with an admirer of his genius, a Madame Hanska: a little over ten years later he married her: at once riches, position, everything were his. With a boy's eagerness he exclaimed, "I have just finished 'Cousin Pons': now I have learned my trade: now I can write without thinking of money: now I will show the world what I can do!" In six weeks he was dead.

Other heights in other lives, God willing.

As I have tried to show, Balzac is one of the wonder-workers—the magician who, with Shakespeare, has most enlarged our conception of human genius and creative power. He has given us, too, not only masterpieces, but the inspiration of ceaseless striving, heroic ardour, and an all-embracing passionate human sympathy. If the House Beautiful of Shakespeare is the most lovely ever fashioned by man, it reminds us now of a mediæval court where lords and ladies move among gardens and flowers to the sound of lutes and viols, and now of a cathedral with Gothic porches of kneeling virtues, set off with humorous grotesques and lustful gargoyles, and adorned with airy pinnacles, leading the vision to the blue; Balzac, on the other hand, has built for us a modern city, and peopled it, not with kings and queens and lords and ladies and their dependents, but with the men and women of to-day—shopkeepers, doctors, lawyers, workmen and working women—and the innumerable products of modern industrialism. Now and then, it is true, we miss the organ and the glorious music of the soul; sometimes, too, we miss the clowns and jesters and humorous jollity of an easeful, pleasure-loving existence; but what a crowd there is, what a bustle and press of life, what varied passions, what marvellous variety!

A Few Notes on Monsieur Henri de Régnier

MONSIEUR HENRI DE RÉGNIER, who was officially installed as a member of the Académie Française on January 19, is one of the most distinguished of modern French poets. He was among the founders of the so-called "Symbolist" school, and is certainly the greatest exponent of its doctrines. Perhaps this is because, as he himself has said, he was possessed of a dual nature, being at once a symbolist and a realist. The realism in him has prevented his verse from degenerating into incoherent mysticism, as has been the case with some poets of his school.

The faults of the Symbolists arose chiefly from the fact that they formed a school which preached the use of the symbol in poetry to the exclusion of other means of expression.

Now, symbol is the term given to a visible object representing to the mind the semblance of something which is not shown, but is realised by association with it. As such it has always been one of the highest forms of poetic expression. The Bible affords repeated examples of its use. It is, perhaps, the most powerful vehicle for lifting poetry out of the world of petty objective realities into the realms of the spiritual and the abstract.

The Symbolists did not discover anything new; they merely abused a time-worn method, and this arose chiefly from the fact that they formed themselves into a school with a doctrine of art. The fashion has sprung up in France for each new group of poets to form a school, and to formulate a fresh definition of art. This is manifestly absurd, as art defies definition and has nothing to do with dogma.

Baudelaire, Sully Prudhomme, and Verlaine afford striking examples of this. The first mentioned lived at the time when Gautier and Leconte de Lisle were preaching the doctrine of impassiveness in poetry. Sully Prudhomme belonged to the "Parnassiens," who, inspired by these same masters, preached that poetry should be the perfect expression of eternal truths, and declared that the little personal details of everyday life were unworthy of the muse, while Verlaine was the forerunner of the school of Symbolists who would rob the sentiments they express of all their individuality by expressing them in symbols.

Yet the work of each one of these three poets affords a refutation of the doctrine they preach, the personal or lyrical element predominating in all three.

Art is like a beautiful woman, whose mobile face reflects all her thousand changing moods. You cannot define her charm because her face is the expression of all human feelings.

The Symbolists, then, were the lineal descendants of these three great poets, who were themselves shoots from that tree of many flowers, Romanticism. And Monsieur Henri de Régnier, as we have already pointed out, is their greatest living representative.

He is famous for his use of the *vers libre* (irregular verse)—that is, verse freed from all the traditional restraints of prosody, admitting hiatus, neglecting cæsure, and very often disregarding all questions of metre, and relying on mere rhythm. It is early days to criticise the *vers libre*, but De Régnier has produced some quite unrivalled effects by means of it.

Stéphan Mallarmé and José Maria de Hérédia were probably the two poets who exercised the greatest influence on his work. He is also a great admirer of André Chénier, and has known how to breathe some of that great poet's pagan freshness into his poems.

Monsieur de Régnier established his reputation when still quite young. As a leader of the Symbolist movement, he was a constant contributor to the numberless reviews to which that movement gave birth. He counted such well-known literary men as Leconte de Lisle and François Vielé-Griffin among his early friends, and

he was one of the group of young poets who used to carry their homage to Paul Verlaine in his squalid den in the Cour St. François, and who used to visit Stéphane Mallarmé, who, absorbed in dreams, lived a life of ostentatious isolation in the Rue de Rome.

His earliest poetic publications were "Les Lendemain" in 1885 and "Apaisement" in 1886. Then came "Sites" in 1887 and "Episodes" in 1888. But his peculiar genius really manifested itself for the first time in his "Poèmes Anciens et Romanesques," which appeared in 1890. In them he employed the *vers libre* for the first time.

Then came "Tel qu'en Songe" in 1892, "Aréthuse" in 1895, and the "Jeux Rustiques et Divins" in 1897. This last series contains his poem "Le Vase," which is undoubtedly one of the masterpieces of French literature.

"Les Médailles d'Argile," published in 1900, was dedicated to André Chénier, whose work, as we have already pointed out, was one of the sources of Monsieur de Rénier's inspiration. Then in 1902 came "La Cité des Eaux," dedicated to José Maria de Hérédia, and in one of these poems, "Maryas," Monsieur de Rénier pays a tribute to the genius of his other master, Stéphane Mallarmé. "La Sandale Ailée," 1907, is his latest poetical publication.

The change from the impersonal language of symbols to the direct expression of personal emotions is marked in definite progression throughout his works. But it is particularly noticeable in the poems of his latest series, "La Sandale Ailée," which are frankly lyrical in character.

None can deny that Rénier is a great and original poet. The reader is dazzled by the variety and brilliance of the images which he evokes. He seems to lead us through an ever-changing landscape, now bathed in the shadows of melancholy, now bright with sunshine, and echoing with the laugh of satyrs and fauns, now dark with storm-clouds of tragedy, or clothed with the crimson robe of desire, while all its beauties are seen through a faint violet haze of mysticism.

Rénier is equally well-known as a novelist, his prose works belonging to the maturer years of his life, the first, "La Double Maîtresse," appearing in 1900, when the author was already thirty-six years of age. Since that date he has published six other novels—"Le Bon Plaisir," "Les Rencontres de Monsieur de Breot," "Le Mariage de Minuit," "Les Vacances d'un Jeune Homme Sage," "Le Passé Vivant," and "La Peur de l'Amour."

The realistic side of his character is apparent in his novels. He is an extraordinarily facile writer, his prose appearing to flow freely from his pen without any apparent effort. His style is at once clear and ornate. He has great powers of picturesque description, and knows how to make his characters interesting. He is, above all things, a pleasant and observant writer, and his books contain first-rate portraits of modern life.

S. A.-B.

REVIEWS

An Inhabitant of Heaven

The Child of the Dawn. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

INSPIRED by "an intense belief in God," writing with a "passionate belief in Love," and under some influence which caused this tale to "rise unbidden in his mind," Mr. A. C. Benson again uses his privilege of access to dead men's writings. In "The Thread of Gold" these stopped short on our side of the grave; "The Child of Dawn" begins on the other side. It describes the death, the heavenly adventures, and the rebirth, of a man who writes very much like Mr. Benson himself. In fact, Mr. Benson goes so far as to say that the book, though written by a translated spirit, does express his own opinions, and speaks of it in terms wholly inappropriate to the "unbidden" inspiration of it, as when, for example, he says that "the idea of transmigration and reincarnation is here used as a possible solution for the extreme difficulties which beset the question of the apparently fortuitous brevity of some human lives," or as when he says that "one may be permitted to deal with the subject" of immortality "imaginatively or poetically." We can only say that Mr. Benson has been fortunate in finding a kindred spirit among the blest, one who has his own tenderness for Nature and animals and schoolboys, and all his own serene and amiable religiosity tinged with the same graceful aspiration and comely doubt.

The writer, though long an inhabitant of heaven, who has seen God, is not always able to express himself, and makes the excuse that "there are no human terms for it all," or that something is "too sacred to be written down," and apologises for using "the words of earth." He is happier, in fact, in speaking of England, rejoicing in one place to find that "if man is made in the image of God, heaven is made in the image of England," which gives him an excuse for the remark that a certain part of heaven was like a village in "the pleasant Wiltshire countryside." Does he mean the Wiltshire of Hindon, or of Pewsey, or of Snap, or of Lyneham, or of Lydiard Tregoze? The vagueness is characteristic of both Mr. Benson and his venerable friend. Its excuse is, no doubt, the haste which caused him (or them) to write: "I must remind you carefully of one thing which I shall beg you to keep in mind." Perhaps the same haste is sufficient to explain the fact that, where "there were no divisions of time," it was yet possible to say, "One day I said," etc.; and the fact that sometimes the heavenly inhabitant walks in the ordinary manner, but is sometimes mysteriously transferred, or has a scene changed before his eyes.

Naturally Mr. Benson tells us nothing sensational about the next world. At first it appears very much like an ordinary monumental mason's heaven, with cultured variations: "All of beautiful and gracious that there had been in religion, all of joyful and animated and eager that there had been in secular life . . . they

were all one now; only sorrow and weariness and dulness and ugliness and greediness were gone." But the mere bliss of harps and so on is vulgar in comparison with the strenuous delights of Mr. Benson's heaven. Again and again we are reminded that there is no idling, no stupid "saintliness." The happiness is that which "comes of intense toil, with no fatigue to cloy it." It is a place of "hard and urgent work." "If you expect all to be plain sailing up here," says an old inhabitant to Mr. Benson's friend, "you are mistaken." It is, however, one of the most serious faults of the book that the labours and trials seem invented to suit the theory that labours and trials are good for men; we are not made to feel that in heaven, at least, these labours and trials are more than ceremonies, with no end but in themselves.

As work is exalted, so is pain. "To meet loss and sorrow upon earth, without either comfort or hope, is one of the first of lessons," says the old inhabitant already mentioned. One of the sights of Mr. Benson's heaven which resemble those of literary heavens, is a "Tower of Pain," governed by the "most tried and bravest of all the servants of God." This tower is, "in fact, nothing but the Tower of Love." Elsewhere the old inhabitant remarks: "How dull we should be without suffering!" But this, too, is a term without a corresponding import. If such things were possible in heaven, we should say that these and similar passages are due to an easy acceptance at second hand of the doctrine of beneficent pain. It comes with the less grace in a book where the hero "sometimes thought it almost wrong that anyone should have so much to enjoy," and where another is thankful for a not very exalted billet which is "better than he deserves," remarking: "But what miserable creatures we all are, and how much more miserable we should be if we were not miserable!" Pain is conceived as a mere test to be passed before receiving a certificate; to see God, man has to jump deliberately over a precipice, with that end only in view.

Another of the advanced doctrines of the place is that, as Maeterlinck says, "life is right." Thus the old inhabitant informs the newcomer that on earth "each of you gave and received just what you were meant to give and receive, though these are complicated matters like the higher mathematics. . . ." Thus, too, we are frequently reminded of the goodness in things evil, and of the bad characters, "untrustworthy, sensual, feckless, no one's enemy but their own," who yet "preserve through it all a kind of simple good nature. . . ." These were the sort of people to whom Christ was so closely drawn.

But the writer of the book is far removed from these. His own aspirations are, in spite of himself, towards the state of a monumental mason's angel. His friend speaks much of love, and "how terrible perfect love is," but without conviction. Much more significant is the fact that the old inhabitant is like "one of those wonderful pure youths of an Italian picture, whose whole mind is set on manful things, untroubled by the love of

woman. . . ." He makes a sharp Manichean division between body and soul, speaking with respect of love that "is not of the body." He favours most a kind of gentleness. The Gospel at first, he says, was "a perfectly beautiful thing—on the idea that one must act by tender impulse, that one must always forgive, and forget, and love; that one must take a natural joy in the simplest things, find everyone and everything interesting, delightful. . . ." Significant again is the passage where a "tiny child" appears to Mr. Benson's informant and his beloved Cynthia. "Where on earth has this enchanting baby sprung from?" she asks. "Out of our two hearts, perhaps," he answers. "At which Cynthia blushed, and said that I did not understand or care for children." The book is full of these subtle, inconsistent comments. They would have been even more in place in one of Mr. Benson's ordinary volumes of essays. The machinery of his next world is rarely interesting, often incredible, and even when good, as in the rebirth at the end, is employed without much skill; it should have been left for the author of "The Blue Bird." So elaborate and venerable a device was not necessary to recommend Mr. Benson's sympathies with advanced thought, which are so refined as not to offend the most old-fashioned.

EDWARD THOMAS.

The Toilers of the Sea

Sea Fisheries: Their Treasures and Toilers. By MARCEL A. HÉRUBEL. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE author tells us in his introduction to the English edition that this book was written mainly for the French people. Since the craft of sea fishing and the organisation of sea fisheries are more highly developed in England, probably, than in any other country of the world, he has to make constant reference to our fishing ports, our fishermen and their methods:

The model I have held before their eyes [that is, the eyes of his countrymen], the country I advise them to imitate, is Great Britain. I will even say that it is enough to understand the history and economy of the English fisheries in order to formulate the general rules of the industry.

In spite of the fact that the French are notoriously hardy fishermen, and have had much to do with the development of the Newfoundland Banks, this is no doubt true. Many ports on the Breton coast send their quota of ships and men to the fog-laden North-West Atlantic. You cannot be at St. Malo in March, and see a hundred *goûlets* and *trois-mâts* set forth, without realising how hardy a fisherman the Frenchman is, or, indeed, be anywhere on the *Côte d'Emeraude* without feeling how important an element the fishing industry is in the economy of Brittany. Still, fishing has never been organised in France upon the same scale or in the same way as in England. It is for the industrial genius shown by the English in this matter that M. Hérubel

reserves his praise—for such triumphs of organisation as may be seen in the great English fishing ports of Grimsby, Hull, Yarmouth. These he holds up in contrast to the long string of little fishing ports and villages on the coast of France. And, if we except Boulogne and Fécamp, it is quite clear that France has nothing to compare with the greater English fishing stations, either in equipment or in method.

It is to be hoped, however, that the French reader of Hérubel has not run away with the notion that every fishing community in England is on the same scale and every fishing port run in the same way as Hull and Grimsby. Hérubel writes with obvious regret about the limitations of the Breton fisherman. He fishes always within sight of the village steeple. He is jealous of his neighbours, suspicious of all innovations. He is one of the worst enemies of the fishing grounds. But it is common knowledge to all who dwell within hail of their own coasts that these conditions are not altogether absent from them. Mr. Miall, in a translator's note, has taken occasion to point out that we also have many impoverished fishing villages and a large number of share-fishermen working in sailing boats. The motor is certainly coming along to help them through their terribly severe competition with the power of steam (which is merely a phase of the power of capital); but this is also happening in some of the ports of France.

Of course, when all this is said, the fact remains that England is the first fishing country in the world, and that Frenchmen, as well as other people, have a lot to learn from us. We should not, however, be loth to learn our own lessons wherever they are to be found, and both English and French should have a careful eye upon Germany. That extraordinary nation, which has come late into the fishing industry, is already doing some very remarkable things. Mr. Fisher Unwin specially recommends this book to the study of politicians. We agree that it will do them good. And nothing will do them more good than to read M. Hérubel's account of the development of the German fishing port of Geestmunde:—

Geestmunde is a thing of yesterday. The estuary of the Geest, a small tributary of the Weser, used to shelter a few fishing-boats. The arrangements for selling their fish were so primitive that the fishermen themselves decided to demand a quay and wharfage from the commune of Geestmunde. The little port did well; but as long ago as 1892 the Geest had become too small for the handling of the fishing-boats, and as the port of Bremerhaven had begun to excavate docks, the Prussian State decreed the establishment of a special fishing harbour, provided with a modern equipment. An enormous breakwater was built in the Weser, to provide a foundation for the ulterior installation of the buildings of the new port. The area gained from the river was 180 acres. Such was the origin of the present Geestmunde. This port furnishes one example the more of the method and power of work of the Germans. While the English and ourselves, entangled in a network of secular interests and

traditions, are obliged to reckon with the past, our neighbours across the Rhine, like the Americans of the States, will at a single breath create new things and preside at the inauguration of the working of the new structure.

All this proceeds on the assumption that the future of the fishing industry is the future of a highly organised and highly capitalised industry—that it will become more and more centralised, more and more subject to the processes of the division of labour, which rule out to a very large extent the kind of developments which many of us would like to see along our coasts. The development on more efficient lines of the business of fishing in the smaller communities is a very difficult question. To attempt to keep alive small fisheries, except for purely local purposes, would seem to be an almost hopeless battle against the tendencies of industrial evolution; but we do not think it is quite hopeless. Steam trawlers have been introduced into some of our small ports with a certain amount of success, and the advent of the motor unquestionably opens up wide possibilities to the little fisherman, who has been terribly handicapped for many years by having no more reliable motive power than the wind. M. Hérubel has some interesting remarks on this subject. France is the peculiar home of the motor, and until very recent years we lagged terribly behind in the utilisation of this innovation. But even in France full advantage has not been taken of the possibilities of the motor-boat. Other countries have done so, and have leaped ahead. For instance, little Denmark has seven hundred motor-boats, while France has only three hundred and seven. But the cult of the motor is growing. It is found possible to equip existing fishing boats with motor engines at a cost of £22 per horse-power. To convert the whole of the six thousand fishing boats in France suitable for this transformation would therefore cost under a million of money.

This question is being actively discussed by the sea fisheries committees all over the United Kingdom, and there are many advocates of a scheme under which the Government would advance money to the fishermen on easy terms of repayment in cases where suitable boats are in existence. It is a highly important economic question. In the early part of his book M. Hérubel shows conclusively that a great deal of what is known as the "depletion" of the fishing grounds is due to the local fishermen themselves. They are either not able or not willing to go far afield. They fish the same grounds over and over again—the same grounds that were fished over and over again by their forefathers. This, combined with the natural changes in the habitat of fish pursuing food, alters the topographical distribution of the marine population. For instance, on the French coast sardines are driven farther out to sea by the over-fishing in-shore. If the fishermen were able to follow them, the fishing would be more immediately profitable, and the injured ground would be rehabilitated. This is a consideration which applies strongly also to many English fisheries. We have dwelt

on the economic aspect of M. Hérubel's work, because for us, as a great fishing nation, that is the most important; and though the graphically scientific first section, in which the conditions of sea fishing are examined, is exceedingly interesting, it contains little, if anything, that has not already been done in English. It is, indeed, based to no small extent on the investigations of Englishmen, and especially on the work of that most useful institution, the National Marine Biological Laboratory, which has its headquarters at Plymouth.

The translation is exceedingly well done, and the work has great value either for those who are engaged in the fishing industry itself, or for those who are interested in it as administrators or politicians.

Lafcadio Hearn and European Criticism

La Lumière Vient de l'Orient: Essais de Psychologie Japonaise. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Traduit de l'Anglais par MARC LOGÉ. (Mercure de France, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

Lafcadio Hearn: L'Homme et l'Œuvre. By JOSEPH DE SMET. (Mercure de France, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

LAFCADIO HEARN has been too much of late in men's minds and mouths for us to attempt to say anything very new about him. The romance of his life has given impetus to his literary fame, and we have now only to wait for the Devil's Advocate before he is numbered with the immortals. Nevertheless, the present moment is an interesting one in the literary life of Hearn; it is the moment of his appeal for European recognition. One of the books before us contains a biography and an appreciation; the other, which has only a secondary interest for English readers, consists of a French translation of one of his best works, supplemented by a suggestive little introduction. From this latter we will quote an admirable phrase, partly because it gives us the key to Hearn's life and work, and partly because its application may help us not to be too unjust to the other commentator, M. de Smet. It runs thus: "Ce clair et juste esprit savait admirer pleinement, avec passion—et c'est cet enthousiasme pour le beau, le vrai et le juste, qui pénètre les œuvres de ce grand écrivain, qui leur donne à toutes cette saveur si originale, ce charme si vraiment exotique, qui nous retient et nous enchante." This capacity for admiration is always the birth-mark of sincerity, and often of genius. Enthusiasm is less likely to warp the judgment than cold-blooded indifference. Unfortunately, admiration involves a contrary; we cannot often serve two masters; antithesis is the root of all taste. Hearn only admired Japan "with passion," because he found ugly the sum of what he had seen of our Western civilisation: M. de Smet can only exalt Hearn by depreciating English literature and English standards of criticism. We have referred to the "Advocatus Diaboli," who, we assume, must appear and play his part before Hearn becomes a classic; it

may even be that he has appeared already in the person of Dr. George Gould; it may be, also, that he will assume his favourite disguise—that of an epoch, a period of indifference. What we may take for granted is this, that the fame of the great exile is in the hands of what we may conveniently call the Anglo-Saxon race. Foreign criticism can only confirm national judgments; it cannot reverse them. Byron can only be the unique poet for those who imperfectly understand the language he wrote in; Schlegel, not Shakespeare, is the third member of the German dramatic trinity; Æschylus and Euripides we measure only with the measure of ancient Athens. When sense and sound are once joined together in the sacred rite of literature, let no man of alien speech strive to put them asunder. To put the whole thing *en forme lapidaire*, we may be and we are interested by such a book as M. de Smet's, but we must not take him too seriously. He has pages on Hearn's style and categorical statements about English literature that would surprise us were we not familiar with the habits of international criticism. We have often searched the first pages of a foreign book on an English writer for some short phrase of apology or deprecation, hinting that the critic is aware of a partial disqualification for his office, and we have always searched in vain; English critics on foreign authors we seldom read, but we are ready to believe that they are as unconscious of their limitations as their foreign brethren.

There is another point connected with international criticism that is rather forcibly suggested by M. de Smet's book. Patriotic critics are very fond of raiding a foreign literature and kidnapping and naturalising its most brilliant representatives. M. de Smet, for instance, is perpetually asking himself the question, "Is Lafcadio Hearn English?" There are many ways of answering a question of this sort, most of them probably in the negative, as far as Hearn is concerned. The questioner combines a number of these ways to form an answer to his own question. Hearn was English as regards certain mental characteristics "mais il n'est pas Anglais seulement ni même principalement. Une âme de Méridional à l'imagination ardente se révèle chez lui par des traits fréquents." He is, in fact, more of a Southerner than an Anglo-Saxon; elsewhere he is called a Latin. To insist on his taste for Flaubert and Maupassant is, we think, rather superficial, as the novelists of this school make a more or less universal appeal. Hearn's mother was undoubtedly a Southerner, and his writings are certainly unique in the history of English literature. That is in the nature of things; some of Stevenson is almost equally exotic. But the fact remains that, as he wrote in English, he belongs to English literature, and he stands and falls by the judgment of the English-speaking races. In literature nothing is of equal importance with the medium. Sense and sound, we must insist, are so indissolubly connected that to separate them is to lose both bone and reflection.

With all his limitations, M. de Smet has written an excellent book. If he would recognise these limitations, they would *ipso facto* almost cease to exist, but they

are less the author's fault than that of what we must regard as a vicious tradition. To begin with, he has that most inestimable faculty, for which we have already quoted Madame Logé, of admiring with all his soul. Then he has given us a clear and concise narrative of the life of Lafcadio Hearn, showing us the man as he was, a most lovable mortal and a great artist. We feel it as rather a paradox to speak of a man as lovable who would have none of us and our European civilisation, and who left us for men of another skin and another religion, but the word is so true that we must let it stand—"c'est plus fort que nous." We have only to look through some pages of "La Lumière vient de l'Orient"—"Out of the East" is more familiar, but less accurate, as Madame Logé points out—to return under the wand of the magician. He has the gift of tears, and he holds the gates of loveliness. Let us conclude with the words of one of his Japanese friends: "Il est le seul homme parfait que j'ai jamais rencontré."

Lovely Kashmir

Beyond the Pir Panjal: Life Among the Mountains and Valleys of Kashmir. By ERNEST F. NEVE, M.D., F.R.C.S.(Edin). Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

SO many books have been written about Kashmir and its attractions that there seemed to be hardly room for another. But Dr. Neve has cleverly produced a volume which, representing the recollections of his life and work for a quarter of a century in that country, has a freshness and fulness of information that leave nothing to be desired. Other books have generally been written from a particular point of view, such as travel, mountaineering, sport, description. Dr. Neve, being well read in the previous literature, is aware of this, so that his object has been "to combine and to set forth in compact form the great variety of interests in Kashmir and the chief characteristics of the central and outlying valleys with their widely distributed inhabitants." It might be said that he has recorded something of everything and everything of something. The Kashmir Medical Mission, to which he has so long been attached, is naturally the special subject on which, and on its mainspring (the propagation of Christianity), he writes with ease and enthusiasm. If the reader is never allowed to forget the missionary spirit which continually reappears, it must be remembered that this connotes an intimate acquaintance with the people.

A general impression of Kashmir may be summed up in the old lines, applied originally to another Oriental country, that "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Dr. Neve has evidently no high opinion of the Kashmiri character: perhaps he has some feeling on the point, because ninety-three per cent. of the population are Muhammadans and the fanatical followers of the Arabian prophet are notoriously more difficult to influence in religious matters than the lower castes of Hindus. About five per cent. of them are Shiahhs, whom

the orthodox Sunnis regard as outcasts. The Sunnis are friendly with the Hindus, the Shiahhs abhor them and are more friendly to Christians than the Sunnis are. The Muhammadans generally are grossly illiterate. The Hindus in Kashmir are almost all Brahmins, numbering about 65,000, and are usually called Pandits: they are eager for education, are intellectually superior to the rest of the population, and practically monopolise the official State service. Considering the size of Kashmir (including Jamma), 81,000 square miles, the population of Kashmir is sparse, under 1,300,000, of whom more than a million are engaged in agriculture, rice being the staple crop, grown chiefly by terrace cultivation under irrigation up to an altitude of 7,000 feet. The ordinary Kashmir is by nature deceitful and given to petty larceny, dirty in appearance and deficient in morals; perjury prevails in the law courts; the towns and villages are devoid of sanitation; disease and poverty have made an indelible mark. For centuries Kashmir has been subject to constant changes of administration, good rulers have been rare; for long periods religious persecution was rife, and tyranny, oppression, exaction, and virtual slavery at the hands of the rulers alternated with anarchy, disorder, and even civil war. In fact, Kashmir has been downtrodden for centuries, and is only now emerging from mediæval conditions.

The country received a fresh start, so to speak, in 1846, when the British Government, having obtained it from the Sikhs in lieu of a war indemnity, transferred it to the Mahārājā Golab Singh for seventy-five lakhs of rupees and a nominal annual tribute. Since taking the State under protection, by a treaty, and appointing a President, the British Government cannot free itself from a general responsibility for the prevention of maladministration by the reigning Mahārājā and his officials. A settlement of the land revenue was initiated in 1887 and completed in 1889-95, introducing throughout rural areas increased cultivation, which has led to a prosperity previously unknown and the elements of civilisation. The famines which decimated the population down to 1877-79 should never recur: if the floods cannot be altogether prevented their violence will be mitigated; no precautions can avert such an earthquake as occurred in 1885, when 3,000 persons perished, 10,000 houses were wrecked, and 40,000 cattle and sheep were destroyed. Within the last thirty years Kashmir has undergone great changes; cholera has diminished in Srinagar, the capital, since the introduction of a pure water supply, but it is still sporadic, and reappears too frequently, with small-pox, enteric, and tuberculosis constantly prevalent. Administrative and material improvements have taken root. Serianthore has been revived under a State silk factory, with 3,000 employees: in one year over 260,000 lbs. of silk were produced. The Medical Mission, started in 1864, met at first with much opposition: its work is now greatly appreciated by the people. The record for ten years of 436,000 visits from out-patients, 14,700 in-patients, and 40,700 surgical operations, speaks volumes in its favour. Last year 23,642 new out-patients and 1,979 in-patients attended

the hospital. Dr. Neve shows that evangelisation through the Medical Mission is making some progress, and he writes hopefully. The people do not object to the gospel teaching; they recognise its merits in some respects: "It is the idea of changing their religion, of breaking their caste, and being formally, by the act of baptism, cut off from all their old associations and family ties. There lies the crux." The school attached to the Mission is doing great work for the people, though the material is not promising. "The character of the Kashmir boy is not good. He is often studious, but is usually untruthful, conceited, superstitious, cowardly, selfish, and extremely dirty." The motto of this school is "In all things be men." Manliness is encouraged by physical training, which includes aquatic sports on the Jhelum. The education is carried out on original lines, suited to the requirements of the boys and the country. The difficulty which the Government of India is experiencing in respect of religious instruction can be solved in a missionary school which offers education on its own terms. The establishment of residential hostels, each of which will be a private institution with its own religious instruction, appears to offer the possibility of a solution.

Dr. Neve has travelled widely about Kashmir, both for his Medical Mission work, in camp in the interior of the State, and on expeditions along the hot valleys, over the snow passes, up into the high mountains, to elevations of many thousand feet: he visited Leh, the capital of Ladakh, and saw the demon dance at the Hemis' monastery, which has been previously described. His fifty-eight illustrations are very varied, and deal with subjects of all kinds, ranging from mountainous scenery and the lovely flowers of the meadows to the village life, the cane bridges, and the leper scholars. His accounts of his tours will be most useful to all future travellers in Kashmir, and they will learn from it quite as much of the history of the country and the religious phases through which it has passed as they will desire to know. The book achieves well its object of describing the country from different points of view, including sport with leopards, bears, etc., and shows clearly that the Medical Mission is working hard to improve the moral and physical condition of the people. While progress is now being effected throughout the State, Kashmir has long lee-way to make up. Its scenery, climate, and natural advantages will always remain, when civilisation, bringing sanitation, education, and prosperity in its train, render it the earthly paradise it may properly aim at becoming.

The Aden Hinterland

The Land of Uz. By ABDULLAH MANSÛR. (G. Wyman Bury.) Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE general impression regarding Southern Arabia is that it is for the most part a desert, impenetrable by human foot. That this is by no means the case is shown by Mr. Bury in the very interesting narrative of

his adventures in the region with which he favours his readers. The Hinterland of Aden is the country with which he is concerned, and he shows to what an extent it was until very recently a *terra incognita*, by stating that when just ten years ago the British and Turkish Governments agreed to demarcate their common boundary in that region, both the Home and the Indian Foreign Offices were surprised to find that the boundary line crossed mountains and valleys more or less thickly populated. Of all Europeans, Mr. Bury is the best acquainted with the numerous tribes and chieftains who inhabit this region. He is in fact thoroughly at home with them, and is received by them, or almost all of them, as a friend and honoured guest whenever he cares to visit them. He has thus ample opportunity of learning to know these peoples in their intimate life, and of the fruits of this opportunity he has given in the present volume. Of this unknown region he quotes Mr. D. G. Hogarth:—

It may hide anything you like to imagine within its secret area, three times the size of these islands of ours. We know just as much or as little of it as the Moslem geographers knew in the Middle Ages—and that is all.

Mr. Bury, however, has not traversed the whole of this region. He has, for instance, penetrated but a short distance within the sand-covered desert. But the paths which he has not yet attempted hold out many an attraction to the explorer.

Here and there ruined palaces and temples to Baal or Astaroth peep up across the desert, or, crowning some slight eminence, defy alike the obliterating pall or the insidious erosion of the driving sand. Their massive beauty is eloquent of former grandeur. Sand-silted and weathered black by the fervent sun, they crouch on guard facing the void throughout the arid centuries, their silent halls that once rang with the tramp of mail-clad guards or echoed to princely revelry now the home of the puff-adder and an occasional desert fox.

The volume is in two parts. The former is a description of the Aden Protectorate and of certain military operations conducted therein: the latter is an account of certain districts beyond the limits of that Protectorate, never previously visited by Europeans, based on the travels of the author in the guise of a down-country chief, undertaken during the course of seven years. Mr. Bury is master of a bright, cheery, interesting style which, while imparting much important information, leaves the reader conscious only of reading a pleasurable book. He has produced a very living narrative whose interest detracts in no degree from its value. Tales of stirring adventure are scattered through the text. It is filled with stories of fights, expeditions and explorations; but why is nothing said of the texts of the valuable inscriptions of which mention is sometimes made? Perhaps copies of these inscriptions may be reserved for a companion volume, which we hope Mr. Bury has in contemplation. If so, we hope that he will not repeat the worst defect of the present book, the absence of an index.

Fruits, Flowers, and Vegetables for All

How to Make an Orchard in British Columbia: A Handbook for Beginners. By J. T. BEALBY, B.A. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

Gardening for the Ignorant. By MRS. C. W. EARLE and ETHEL CASE. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

One and All Garden Books: Monthly Reminders; Small Greenhouses; Window Gardens; Poppies. Illustrated. (Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d. each.)

THESE half-dozen handbooks for beginners and amateurs in fruit, flower, and vegetable growing should command a large circle of readers, for there are few who are not fond of plants and flowers, the cultivation of which will often prove of the greatest assistance to the health of mind and body of those who have leisure to indulge in the pursuit. Mr. Bealby's book will of necessity appeal almost solely to those who contemplate fruit growing on a more or less large scale in British Columbia, although it could not fail to be useful to any prospective pomologist without experience of orchard work. The volume is crammed full with such information as the practical inquirer is likely to seek, and it is all given in clear, plain language, covering selection and price of land, cost of outfit, Government assistance, climate, markets, varieties to select, clearing and planting, cultivation of the orchard, and many other details with abundance of figures to bear them out. Anyone contemplating fruit culture in British Columbia—and for the right man there is scarcely a more promising form of Colonial enterprise—cannot afford to ignore this little book, which will prove an invaluable guide. The province has for some time been supplying the markets of Great Britain, Germany, Sweden, Holland, and even Australia and New Zealand, and now there are markets in South Africa, China and Japan calling to her also.

As Mr. Pecksniff once observed: "It is an ancient pursuit, gardening. Primitive, my dear sir; for if I am not mistaken, Adam was the first of our calling." Yet, though so ancient, there are, nevertheless, many would-be votaries of Pomona still utterly ignorant of the art over which she presides. It is for these that "Gardening for the Ignorant" was primarily written, but it will also be found most useful by such as have already embarked upon their novitiate in this delightful calling. The two ladies who are responsible for the production of this little work are to be congratulated on the way in which they have accomplished their self-imposed task—that of teaching the art of gardening from its very rudiments. To them this has no doubt been in a great measure a labour of love, for they are both enthusiastic gardeners, also "keen vegetarians, or, rather, fruitarians," which should imply a considerable knowledge of their subject. The book is divided into months, and to each is allotted a generous quota of cultural information. Consisting of some 250 pages only, it does not, of course, profess to be exhaustive; but flowers and vegetables are very fully dealt with, fruit receives a lesser share of

attention, and there is a concluding chapter on the greenhouse, for—

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too.

Alluding, in her Introduction, to the Latin names of plants, Mrs. Earle tells a rather amusing story of an "old Scotch lady, who said to a minister who was admiring her flowers, 'Ah, but, Doctor, ye ken the Latin names of a' the flowers; I ken but twa, and they are just Aurora Borealis and Delirium Tremens.'"

The series known as "The One and All Garden Books," under the general editorship of Mr. E. O. Greening, F.R.H.S., is deservedly popular, and the publishers now claim for it an annual sale of a million and a half copies. These penny booklets are brightly written by practical horticulturists; they are neatly printed on good paper, and well illustrated.

"Monthly Reminders," by Leslie Greening, F.R.H.S., is a well up-to-date calendar of work in garden, greenhouse, and frames, dealing with flowers, lawns, fruit-trees, and vegetables, and will prove most handy and useful. "Small Greenhouses," by T. W. Sanders, F.L.S., and "Window Gardens," by the same author, are devoted to somewhat kindred subjects, and will appeal particularly to those who, without possessing a garden, may yet boast a tiny greenhouse or some window-boxes. Mr. Sanders, who is President of the National Amateur Gardeners' Association, shows how easy it is to make the home cheerful and beautiful at small cost by cultivating flowers in its immediate surroundings—on the window-sill, the balcony, the porch, and in the dwelling-rooms. The work on greenhouses deals more with the span-roofed, the three-quarter span, and the lean-to, but it will give valuable hints to those who have a conservatory opening out of a room, which many small houses possess. "Poppies," by George Gordon, V.M.H., gives an interesting history of this fascinating flower through its various developments, and full cultural directions, together with descriptions of the numerous varieties now grown.

The Making of Northern Nigeria

The Making of Northern Nigeria. By CAPTAIN C. W. J. ORR, R.A. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

A FEW weeks only have elapsed since M. Morel's work, dealing with the peoples and problems of Nigeria, made its appearance. Captain Orr's historical and sociological study of the country complements M. Morel's lighter and more personal record, and at the same time presents Nigeria in a manner interesting as it is historically and statistically complete.

The early days of exploration from Mungo Park onward yield a story of the grimmest fight man is called on to wage—that against climate—and the roll of those who suffered defeat is an appalling one. Mungo Park went out and died; Horneman went out and died;

Nicholls set out from Old Calabar and died; Tuckie, Ritchie and Lyon, Peddie, Major Gray and Doctor Doehard, Major Laing and Clapperton, all headed parties to the interior, and, out of them all, only one came back in addition to Clapperton's servant Lander, who solved the vexed problem of the Niger's course, and proved it identical with the waters which run to the sea through the "Oil Rivers" delta. Captain Orr, recognising that such a story as this of the early pioneers needs no embroidery, tells it in a bald, plain way which renders it terribly impressive, and forces home the conviction that "we ha' paid in full" for the protectorate of Northern Nigeria.

There follows the history of the Royal Niger Company, its work of combining a profit for its shareholders with the best interests of the natives, the suppression of slave-raiding and inter-tribal difficulties, the delicate handling of French and German competitors who, once or twice, very nearly grasped the richer portions of the land for their own "spheres of influence." All this one must read for full understanding of the causes which led up to the establishment of the Nigeria Protectorate; in this book the many duties and interests of the Company are welded into one connected narrative, a story of absorbing interest, well and concisely told.

Then, having considered the country and its people, and the parts which Fulani and Mohammedan influence have played in the history of the land, Captain Orr goes on to tell of the formation of the Protectorate—the transfer of government from private enterprise to national responsibility—of administration, the organisation of Provinces, the problems arising out of taxation and the abolition of slavery, and the progress of commerce and trade, religion and education. Having read and considered the whole, one is forced to the conclusion that colonisation such as is being accomplished in Nigeria is no mere land-grabbing, for the country stands not as an asset, but as a vast responsibility assumed by Great Britain, with, in the far future, some possible small profit accruing, but certainly with no present advantage. The ten years' administration from which we must judge of the country's value to its "protector" shows a distinct advance toward good and efficient government for the people of Nigeria under their own rulers, and the British Empire gains, in return for capital expenditure of human life and health, and a heavy annual charge on the Imperial exchequer, certain concessions of trading rights and free and equal passage with other nations on the waters of the Niger. Yet we may count a greater, though immaterial, gain in that justice has replaced oppression, and that all men are free to-day where the slavers raided a few years ago.

The author of this valuable work presents all the graver problems which affect Nigeria, together with details of official work and life, and records of native life and character, in a manner which bespeaks careful study and accurate, intimate knowledge of his subject. He has provided a history of official work in this great Protectorate which ought to take a high place among

standard books on West Africa, and at the same time has compiled a volume of absorbing interest to all men given to other than superficial study of their kind.

Some Studies by Tolstoy

The Forged Coupon, and Other Stories and Dramas. By COUNT LEO TOLSTOY. Edited by DR. C. HAGBERG WRIGHT. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

Hadji Murád, and Other Stories. By COUNT LEO TOLSTOY. Edited by DR. C. HAGBERG WRIGHT. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

IN his maturity Tolstoy wrote stories because of some divine necessity; in his old age he wrote them as a means of relaxation. There was an intermediate period, when the artist struggled for supremacy with the moralist in the soul of Tolstoy. Finally the moralist won. One notes a growing absorption in social problems, a deliberate withdrawal from the sphere of human activities, a complete change of standpoint. The old joy of creation has gone. All is vanity and vexation of spirit. Art has degenerated into mere didacticism.

It would have been well had Tolstoy listened to the monitions of his friend Turgénev. "I am writing to you specially to say how glad I have been to be your contemporary, and to express my last and sincere request. My friend, return to literary activity! That gift came to you from whence comes all the rest. . . . Great writer of our Russian land, listen to my wish!" And was there, one wonders, no inner voice that whispered to the novelist, urging him not to immolate his genius on the altar of a theory?

These are stories of Tolstoy's decline, written, as we have said, as temporary relaxations from the pressure of a hundred haunting problems. Yet in them, too, something of the ancient fire still burns. Especially true is this of "Hadji Murád," where for once Tolstoy throws aside the mantle of the prophet. He is thinking of old times in the Caucasus, where, as a young man, he first came face to face with war, and stored those impressions which were afterwards to result in the writing of "The Cossacks." It is a story founded upon fact, but the fact is changed and transmuted in the crucible of Tolstoy's art. There is little here of the slavish and senseless realism—or, rather, literatism—which disfigures so much of his later work. The whole story glows with passion, and the figure of Hadji Murád, the Circassian warrior—fierce, revengeful and cunning, yet with something of the simplicity of a child—must take front rank among Tolstoy's studies in portraiture. It is true that the author is never able to conceal either his convictions or his prejudices. His hatred for all that is called civilisation, his withering contempt for the sleek, stupid officialdom of the Russian military aristocracy, his passionate indignation against those outbursts of cruelty of which as a soldier in the Caucasus and the Crimea he had seen only too many—all these things are apparent. But they are implied rather than definitely stated.

For the rest, these stories are chiefly of interest as illustrating the psychology of their author in the later years of his life. They are meant to point morals. They are sermons in disguise. It is only too sadly apparent that literature has ceased to be an end in itself for Tolstoy. It has become a means for the dissemination of certain opinions. And, as one closes the book—not without a certain feeling of weariness—one thinks of "Anna Karénina."

Shorter Reviews

Essays on Duty and Discipline. (Cassell and Co. 3s. net.)

THIS series of some forty papers on the training of children in relation to national and social welfare is a remarkable index to the times in which we live. Fifty years ago, both in school and home, children were brought up under a fairly strict and wholesome discipline, and strong, healthy citizens were given to the State. But the growth of a sickly sentimentalism, side by side with a sort of pseudo-Socialism and a conciliatory and effeminate system of education, has led to a marked laxity in the region of duty, obedience and discipline, and a corresponding weakness in moral fibre. These degenerate tendencies may be noted in the home, the school, and the police-court; in mines, in factories, and in the Legislature itself. The writers of these instructive essays are drawn from many and varied ranks and professions: Bishops, Generals, Schoolmasters, Professors, Physicians, Magistrates, Compilers of Criminal Statistics, and others. All are dominated by the same idea, viz., the danger of the State from lack of discipline, and the resultant decline of British determination and will force. Discipline is now often regarded as an encroachment upon the liberty of the individual. Leaders of education seem to think that their chief mission is to eliminate force and compulsion from the training of youth. Where just punishment is concerned parents make children think that teachers are their natural enemies. The desire for artificial amusements is having a weakening effect on all classes. In many elementary schools children are actually taught to play! The old free and natural games of childhood are dying out. Nor do we observe that children are any happier for this artificial cult of the so-called "philosophy of joy and happiness." On the contrary, numbers are spoilt, irritable and irritating. Foolish fondness is crushing the healthy spirit out of their lives, making them self-willed, unruly, independent, and disobedient. Such is the gloomy picture drawn by these essayists, and on the whole we do not think it is overdrawn. Prebendary Carlile fears that "before any improvement can be expected, there must come a great revulsion of public feeling, causing a reversion to an older type of national character." We strongly commend these valuable papers to all concerned in national education.

Jungle Folk: Indian Natural History Sketches. By DOUGLAS DEWAR. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is over a century ago since Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," taught the world how much that is interesting is to be found in the observance of small matters, "too commonly overlooked as common occurrences," that lie at everybody's door. Anglo-Indians who follow in Gilbert White's footsteps have a larger and more interesting field to work in than the Hampshire parson-naturalist; while the great abundance and variety of animal life in India compel observation by the most casual spectator.

In "Jungle Folk" Mr. Dewar gives us much informing and amusing gossip about the birds and beasts that are most familiar to the Anglo-Indian, with an occasional diversion into such matters as hawking and cobras. Scientific writers are, as a rule, so afraid of letting themselves go, that one would as soon look for amusement in an Act of Parliament as in their works. But with Mr. Dewar there is a smile in every page, and his touch is so light that one only realises, when the process is at an end, that a large amount of information has been imparted in an amusing form. The doctrine of natural selection is his bugbear. He never loses an opportunity of girding at it; but surely he is hardly justified in assuming that any writer of weight claims that the whole of organic evolution is accounted for by the doctrine.

Mr. Dewar's quips are delightful. To tell us that a bird is as conspicuous as a lifeguardsman in full uniform, or that another one builds a nest as beautiful as a dak bungalow conveys as much as is required by nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand. It is interesting to know that a tame mungoose becomes so attached to its master that it is liable to die of grief when separated from him.

The History of the Kutb Minas (Delhi). By R. N. MUNSHI. (Fort Printing Press, Bombay.)

IT is curious that this should have been written by a Parsi gentleman, instigated by reading an entry in a chronology of India. "The Kutb" is the famous minaret, ten miles from Delhi, measuring between 238 to 242 feet in height, one of the loftiest and most perfect towers in the world. Hitherto it has been ascribed (1) to Kutb-ud-din, the first Slave King of Delhi (1206-1210), as a memorial of his victory in 1193 over the Hindus; or (2) to his son-in-law and successor, the King Altamsh (1211-1236); or (3) partly to both. Authorities and writers have recorded different opinions. The official view, expressed in the recent "Imperial Gazetteer," attributes its completion to Altamsh about A.D. 1230. Mr. Munshi's conclusion, after examining the evidence of historians and inscriptions, is that it was built by Altamsh (a) to perpetuate the memory of both (1) the King Kutb-ud-din, and (2) Kutb-ud-din Bakhtiar Kaki, a contemporary Muhammedan (why Mohamedan?) saint, whose tomb is adjacent; and (b) for use as a *masina* for the muezzin's call to prayer. An interesting question for

archæological investigation, but of no practical importance, is thus raised. When the Government move to Delhi they may find time to have it solved.

The Frogs of Aristophanes. Translated into Kindred Metres by ALFRED DAVIES COPE. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. net.)

THE "Frogs" of Aristophanes is a drama so well known that no description is required. Another translation was not really necessary, but Mr. Cope's new version has a freshness and vigour which justify its production. His preface and argument are sufficient without discounting the interest in the play itself. In using, as he says, "the ordinary language of the twentieth century" Mr. Cope is up to date. Such lines as: "Don't keep on fooling, feel your stretcher well, and pull for all you're worth," "Stop! Easy! take your oar and shove her in," "I didn't care a damn," "Right oh! catch hold," "Wait and see," "Don't be shy about it," adapt the classic style to modern language. "Croak, croak, croak," represents the frog's noise well enough. The sesquipedalian expressions used by Æschylus cannot be rendered in single English words. Some of the phrases, like "green-grocer" goddess, and "weasel" for "we shall," rather grate upon the reader, whose sympathy must be with the magnificent Æschylus in his contest with the homely Euripides. Every Greek scholar should know of this translation.

Fiction

The Lure. By E. S. STEVENS. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

IN nearly all that "The Veil" promised we find fulfilment here. The actual plot of this book is of little consequence. Anna Moorhouse, *ingénue*, is initiated into love and the ways thereof by Huntly Goss, a fascinating philanderer, but manages to marry Peter Host in time to save herself from the inevitable end of Goss's wiles. In the second part of the book, the author transports us to the Upper Nile: Anna finds that her youthful idol is very sorry clay, and Peter, her husband, is worthy of all the affection she can give him—we leave her at the point of "transferring her illusions" to Peter.

The author has a way of making a melodramatic situation appear natural—grippingly natural—and the indirect way in which the Soudan and Egyptian hinterland are pictured renders the scenery amid which the second part of the book is set convincingly real; the sun of Egypt shines over the Nile for us, and the miasma reek rises from the marshes where the wildcat "Crocodile Company" had its working headquarters. These things are rendered with subtle, artistic skill.

But it is with the development of Anna that the book concerns itself most, and here is fine work, restrained, delicate, and skilful, in spite of the few lapses to poor English of which the author is guilty. We object—this

by the way—to Anna's consciousness during a taxi-ride with Goss of "the smell of the soap that he used." With such a sybarite as Goss the smell would not have been apparent. We object, also, to "different to," for Goss would never have been guilty of such a barbarism.

We do not admire any of the characters, with the possible exception of Goss, whose brilliant selfishness is made virtuous by his perfect consistency—even in his villainy he is admirable. Anna is not a lovable woman; Peter Host is a mere figure—he is the silent, strong man of many stories, the stock hero without whom Merriman never worked. The other two are creations, and of the two our sympathy goes to the wrong one, in spite of injured Mrs. Goss and the imbecile stepson whom that villain Goss planned to murder. It is such a thorough, efficient, sympathetic study, that of Goss.

Taken as a whole, "The Lure" is a book rich in detailed observation, marked from first chapter to last by strength and sensuousness, and artistic restraint. If at times the story moves slowly, there is plenty of food for thought by the way, and the slight faults of style are more than compensated by the value of the work as a whole. The author has given us a really noteworthy book in "The Lure," and two fine character studies in Anna Moorhouse and Huntly Goss.

Dame Verona of the Angels. By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

THIS story conveys several morals, the chief of which is—so far as one may judge by the tone of the book—entirely unintentional. Verona Palmer, illegitimate daughter of Ursula Palmer and Peter Thriepland, is legitimised in the eyes of the world by being passed off as the daughter of the woman whom Peter married abroad, and whom he brought home to Scotland together with his infant daughter. Peter is a rigid Presbyterian. Verona develops inherited Catholic tendencies, which are fostered by contact with Camille Palmer—Verona's unrecognised aunt. The author lays stress on Camilla's revenge on Peter for the wrong done to Verona's mother, but this point is not well brought out; the whole story, in fact, is told in somewhat patchworked and inconsequent fashion. At the end Verona, having vanquished an earthly love—which was never very strong—for her "vocation," chooses to become a Benedictine nun, but dies, presumably of over-much fasting and privation, when she is about to take the vows.

The story is tenderly, delicately told, and there are passages of real power and pathos, scenes of real beauty. But throughout the book we see how Verona's foster-mother, her father, and many others, make calls to which she, blinded by the belief in her "vocation," fails to respond. She lived and died beautifully, but so uselessly; in spite of the pathos of such a story as this, "the pity of it" is the chief sentiment evoked by its tragic conclusion. The world wants women like Verona, and that they—even in fiction—should follow wandering fires and yield to the mediæval superstition which calls

them to the life of the convent, is indeed a pity. There was room for Verona, and great work for her, in the world; there she ought to have stayed.

Lord of Irongray. By J. B. HARRIE BURLAND. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

SELDOM is it that melodrama, of the class which pushes character out of sight altogether for the sake of incident, can be made really attractive in print—except to the juvenile reader—but we confess that in this book the feat has been achieved. The amazingly incredible is made credible and real, the story leaps forward—there is no slow movement in it, but every chapter is crammed with incident—from scene to scene, from tragedy to sentiment, and from sentiment to passion, with irresistible convincingness, until the last great crash rights all, and leaves the heir of Irongray safe beside his mother on the deck of the "Elsinore." There are a family vendetta, a great detective, a lady who ought not to but does love the hero, a half-breed rightful heir to the title, a mysterious family resemblance between the hero and another man who is only seen through windows at night—until the last chapter or two—and hosts of other "properties" of melodrama writers. All these become living realities in the hands of the author, who lands us back in the realm of impossible happenings and makes us believe in them, until we close the book with a suspicion of real emotion at the fate of gallant Rikaro, who gave his life for his step-brother.

It is a bewildering, thrilling, mystery-adventure-detective-love story, with a plot that defies description, and the suggestion of a serial story "curtain" about the end of nearly every chapter. But in spite of the fact that it is melodrama and nothing more—in spite of all things—it is most decidedly a book to read, and will be laid aside with regret by all who venture beyond the first chapter.

Une Neurasthénique: Roman Psychique. By ADHÉMAR DE MONTGON. H. Daragon, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

THE quotation from Alan Kardec that figures on the title page—"Plusieurs savent ce qu'ils ont été et ce qu'ils ont fait"—helps to explain the idea worked out in this novel. The heroine is carried away by an irresistible desire for love, and "makes shipwreck of her life" on the iron reef of stronger wills than her own. The root idea is that this disaster was bound to happen to her, because it had already happened to her in a previous existence. The story of the prototype is told in a short prologue, and is glanced at from time to time in the novel itself. Another similar existence is adumbrated in a historical episode recounted by one of the characters, and, in the ravings of her death-agony, the heroine merges all her unhappy incarnations into one grim and pitiful whole. The story is not a masterpiece of fiction; it is too much akin to a problem for that; but it is impressive, and attains the very praiseworthy object of modern novelists in leaving us with an acute sense of depression. Scientifically it seems to us rather

thin, but that is as it should be; orthodox Catholicism, Modernism (we nearly wrote it with a small "m"), and Brahminism seem to be chief lines of inspiration.

Two Worlds. By LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THE two worlds alluded to in the title of this novel are Western Canada and England. In Vancouver Island we are told of hunting and fishing in the company of a typical backwoodsman; we are besieged by wolves; we are introduced to Colonial society by an atheistic hero; we make the acquaintance of a violet-eyed mesmerist and dally with the cruder aspects of spiritualism. In England we sup with chorus girls, we promenade the lawns of Hurlingham and make a remarkable aeroplane flight to Corsica. We shudder over an imminent and very deliberately arranged suicide; we meet a Christian Scientist with a title; and we are dazzled by the descent of an earldom, not altogether unexpected, since only three lives stand between it and the hero. Lieut.-Col. Haggard looks upon life with a tolerant eye and finds most of it amusing. His characters are not commanding, his hero being the usual manly young Englishman and his heroine remarkable only in her spiritualistic attainments, but neither are they entirely shadowy. The book, in fact, is very commonplace. It is replete with the easy little devices and common properties of fiction. And, in spite of its dealing so much with Vancouver, it tells little of the "thing seen."

Fire in Stubble. By BARONESS ORCZY. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

"M. LEGROS, tailor-in-chief to his Majesty Louis XIV and to the Court of Paris and Versailles, bowed himself out of the room"; and the fore-note of the chapter is, "This act is an ancient tale new told."—"King John," iv, 2. So opens the latest book by the Baroness Orczy. It is absolutely different from any others previously written by her, and is not an improvement. It is full of incident, but of too impossible a character: the time is that of Charles II. It is crowded with villains and villainy, although, strange to say, no one is killed. The Titus Oates Conspiracy, the State Trial in Westminster Hall to which the inevitable Rochester contributes evidence, and some glimpses of Paris and French life, with a happy ending, make up the book; but it altogether lacks the vivid interest of many of the earlier works of this talented authoress.

The "Quartier" in London

TO those who have never been to see it for themselves, but who have read Du Maurier, the Quartier Latin is a glorious world of studios where delightful and original students paint hard and fence harder and embrace fascinating models of unquestionable morals; where everybody knows everybody else by his or her Christian name; and where wonderful dinners

are eaten in restaurants of world-wide reputation for an infinitesimally small number of francs. In a word, it is a very Arcadia, at the mere mention of which a conglomeration of Boule Miche, Bal Bullier, and Quatz' Arts runs riot in the imagination.

Some of us have been and discovered the remains of Trilby land, have felt the wonderful atmosphere which still influences the place, and have met the very brothers of Dodoe, Zouzou, and the rest.

The other evening my heart was filled suddenly with the *nostalgie du Quartier*, but, my presence being unfortunately necessary in London, I fared forth sadly in quest of an antidote. My wanderings led me through Piccadilly Circus and Shaftesbury Avenue and then into the depths of Soho. Here I felt that I was growing warm in the search, and occasional bursts of French conversation from people in weird clothes and floppy hats and still more weird hair fell upon my ears with the charm of the old days when there were gendarmes to blarney and cochers to wrangle with.

I tried hard not to see the English advertisements on 'buses and theatres, and stifled my ears to all that was not foreign, and penetrated deeper into the London Quartier Latin. In the narrow muddy streets, which by a stretch of the imagination easily became cobbled, children cried shrilly to each other with many tongues, and save for the fares in taxis hardly an English-looking face was to be seen. There were boulangers, charcutiers, marchands de vin, cafés, tabacs, and I began to believe that I was across the Channel. Then in a side street I came upon a charmingly lighted, clean-looking restaurant with a French name and the name of a French proprietor over the door.

"*Ca, c'est mon affaire*," thought I, and, without more ado, walked in rejoicing. A confused babble of clashing plates and knives and forks and French talk and laughter greeted me from the number of little tables. A "*Bonsoir, Monsieur!*" from the waiter, who, with napkin under arm, relieved me of coat, hat and stick, made my heart leap. My English tongue was loosened, forgotten, cast away, and the old talk came back as I was shown to a corner table which I had asked for from a voluble bootbrush-headed garçon. This was the Quartier without having the bother of crossing, unpacking and seeking the nearest bureau de change. Praise be to the Bon Dieu, my being no longer ached to get away. I was there. Omelette aux fines herbes, poulet en casserole, gibier, viande rôtie, petits suisses, vin rouge, pousse café of all colours, all, all were there! The Bon Dieu was indeed good, and I, miserable dolt, had never discovered this place before. *Espèce d'imbécile!*

And round me were students of all nations, models to suit all tastes; here and there grandes dames with beaux messieurs, their napkins tucked into their collars; over behind the palm a young fellow with his p'tite amie—and were they or were they not holding hands across the table? The waiter moved away quickly to look after his charges, and I saw with joy that they were. On the other side were four people, bearded and moustached, round a domino game, and smoking cigarettes which

were none other than Maryland. Behind them, oh joy! sat a dame de comptoir, fat, prim, and with the air of a duchess.

Jealously I guarded the same knife and fork throughout the meal, which, however much I prolonged it, was all too soon eaten and drunk to the last cup of café complet. With a final "*Bonsoir!*" to the garçon and another to the dame de comptoir, who rewarded me with a gracious smile, I gradually came out into the streets again, and my delighted abstraction was not broken into until I was heartily cursed in fluent Cockney for nearly getting under the wheels of a passing hansom.

A. H. G.

The Bosphorus

BY R. J. TURNER.

A WELL-KNOWN traveller has said that if ever the federation of the nations of Europe becomes an accomplished fact the Bosphorus will inevitably become their summer resort. Be that as it may, it would be difficult to find a more beautiful spot than the strait which divides Europe from Asia. Approached from the sea in the short twilight under a sky of wonderful peacock blue, with the lights of the city and its minarets outlining the unequalled situation of Constantinople, which guards one end of the strait, or ploughing its blue waters under a midday sun, the effect is equally enthralling. The beauties of the Golden Horn, that charming inland arm of the Marmora, have been extolled, but for freshness and variety of colouring commend me to the Bosphorus, with its fringe of stately palaces surmounted by the sombre green of the cypress-covered heights.

To appreciate its charm let us take a leisurely steamer from the bridge at Stamboul, where from the deck of the craft one can feast one's eyes upon an unending kaleidoscope of colour as the human stream of all nations crosses and recrosses that historic structure. Whatever may be said of the Turk, he shows himself to be a capable sailor-man in getting away from the bridge and its surrounding waters, teeming with craft of all descriptions, without consigning some of their occupants to a watery grave. Opposite, on the Asiatic shore, lies Scutari, quite a large town, almost entirely Turkish, and famous in British eyes for its memories of the Crimea. Hugging the Constantinople shore we pass the Arsenal at Topane, and a little farther on the temporary abode of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Some stormy scenes have been witnessed within those walls. One can imagine the excitement if the members, one day gazing out on the waters of the Bosphorus, should suddenly encounter the guns of an Italian cruiser. She could almost poke the black muzzles of her 12-inch guns through the windows of the Legislative Chamber. I am afraid it would require more than the fiery eloquence of a Lutfi Fikri to withstand such grim arguments.

A stage farther on, and we see the Mosque to which

the present Sultan wends his way every Friday at Selamlek, a ceremony robbed of much of its gorgeousness since the deposition of Abdul Hamid. Now, instead of thousands of troops, a regiment of cavalry, a battalion of infantry, and the Sultan's Albanian body-guard, together with a hundred or so of officers, constitute the uniformed force. The distance from the Palace is short. The building, noted more for its enormous size than its artistic beauty, does not compare, from an architectural point of view, with the adjacent Tcherigan Palace, which, while being adapted for Parliamentary purposes, was unfortunately gutted by fire. It was said to have cost three millions sterling, and was remarkable for its beautiful outlines and scheme of decoration.

Bebek comes next into view, a favourite residential quarter, and the home of the Khediva, the mother of the Khedive of Egypt, whose leviathan yacht, the "Mahroussa," is frequently to be seen anchored higher up the Bosphorus, opposite Beicos.

Across the strait, about a mile wide at this part, is Candilli, a charming summer resort utilised by several English families, notably the best-known man in Constantinople, Dr. John McClean, the guardian of the British Seamen's Hospital at Constantinople, and of the health of the English community generally. On the same side, a little farther north, lies the delectable district known as the sweet waters of Asia, in contradistinction to the sweet waters of Europe, on the Golden Horn. This pleasant spot, the favourite resort of Turkish ladies, has, alas, been rendered almost unrecognisable by a violent storm which uprooted trees and silted up the river, which debouches into the Bosphorus almost under the frowning towers erected by Mahomet the Conqueror's predecessors, preparatory to the conquest of Constantinople. It was sixty years after the building of the towers before the conquering hordes found their way across the strait and commenced the erection of the great camp at Roumili Hissar, the base of Mahomet's operations on the city, which for a thousand years had withstood the assaults of the Turk, but was now doomed to succumb to this great warrior's prowess. The city defences still range for some thirteen miles along the shores of the Marmora, and the story of the wonderful old walls, as told by that distinguished historian, Sir Edwin Pears, on a personally conducted tour ought not to be missed.

But we have still about ten miles of the waterway, with its winding channel, to traverse. On both sides, close to the water's edge, are ranged numerous palaces, many abandoned at the time of the deposition. The pashas and princes who inhabited them could not afford to withstand the coming of the Young Turk, with their master exiled to Salonika, so they went in haste, in many cases leaving their goods and chattels, including the occupants of the harem, behind. What grim tales some of those palace gates opening to the Bosphorus could tell. The silent caique with its dumb rowers, the shapeless sack, the gentle splash, perhaps a muffled cry,

and the deep waters with their swift currents keep their secret for ever.

Arnoutkeuy, with its wooded heights, the erstwhile residence of His Britannic Majesty's Consul-General, we leave behind us; likewise the unrelenting outlines of Robert College, with the Stars and Stripes flying from the topmost tower. It is amazing what an eye the Turk has for a pleasant outlook, and for adapting his architecture to the surroundings. What lovely situations the numerous houses and kiosks occupy on both sides of the Bosphorus, and how they fit in with the cypress groves and the lovely contours of the hills! Soon our Clyde-built steamer approaches Therapia, the summer quarters of the diplomatic world. Here, exposed to the full force of the cool breeze which blows from the Black Sea, only a few miles off, one can keep delightfully cool in the warmest weather.

An almost Cowes aspect is lent to the scene by the presence of the various yachts, or stationnaires, as they are called, of the Embassies. It is comforting, somehow, to see the Union Jack flaunt at the stern of H.M. "Imogene," moored at no great distance from the Embassy where Sir Gerard Lowther dispenses the hospitality invariably extended to the Englishman abroad. His Excellency sustained a severe loss recently in the destruction by fire of the handsome building which the British Government provides for the summer residence of its Ambassador.

Away to Kavak, the entrance to the Bosphorus from the Black Sea, beyond which Russia's fleet may not advance. Here all ships must call for a pilot and quarantine. Back to Stamboul as the sun sinks behind the hills, one feels that it is good to be alive amid such lovely scenes, but mingled with the feeling of satisfaction comes the practical British matter-of-fact thought—if it were only in the hands of a people of energy and initiative, what could not be made of the Bosphorus!

A Great Pioneer of Commerce.—II

WHEN, in February, 1859, Yokohama was opened to foreign trade, Mr. Keswick was early on the scene, and established the first offices of "No. 1 Firm" in a bungalow which was little more than a fishing hut. At that time conditions in the country were very unsettled. On one occasion four Russian naval officers were found lying in the streets literally cut to pieces, the head of one being cleft asunder. "We passed a night of suspense," says Captain Holmes, the faithful recorder, "fearing that any moment we might be attacked. But soon the cloud passed. All was bustle in the town; produce came pouring in, and the shops were filled with beautiful and costly works of art." Not long afterwards, the little band of foreign residents experienced their first earthquake, when every house in the town was damaged, and Captain Holmes, who was on his ship in the harbour at the time, declared that she "dropped

as if all support was gone, and as if she was falling into the abyss of a fathomless cave." For some years afterwards the presence of foreigners was bitterly resented; outrages and even assassinations were of frequent occurrence; and on one occasion Imperial envoys arrived from Kyoto with a message from the Emperor, announcing his determined purpose to expel the "red-headed barbarians," whose conduct he characterised as insolent. In spite of the perils of his situation, the surroundings in which Mr. Keswick found himself were full of picturesque incidents. Proud Daimyos, with retinues of Samurai, two-sworded and fierce-visaged, were frequently to be seen passing along the streets, through avenues of kneeling people with heads bowed low.

In April, 1860, Captain Holmes left for England, having enlisted the help of Mr. Keswick in obtaining a cargo composed of bales of silk and tubs of fish and seed oil. The journey was not without its adventure, for the tubs began to leak, the oil finding its way through the scuppers to the sea; and in spite of the fact that as a consequence the ship sailed a considerable part of the way in a sheet of smooth water, she developed a discomfiting list. On arrival, however, the captain was compensated by the congratulations of Mr. Joseph Jardine, who told him that he had come safely "to a good market," and that the silk was worth a guinea a pound. To Mr. Keswick, no less than to the hardy mariner whom he assisted, belongs the honour of opening trade between England and Japan.

Yet another striking incident in his career was the part he played in enabling Prince Ito and his companions, among whom was Count Inouye, to reach England. According to the great statesman's own story, he succeeded in persuading the manager of "No. 1 Firm" to facilitate the passage of himself and friends.

They were compelled to discard the two swords which it was customary for Samurai to wear at their sides, and to disguise themselves as merchants—a class in the community occupying at that period a position of marked inferiority in the social order. Their attire consisted of second-hand European clothes, and Ito in his narrative mentioned that a constant source of discomfort was the wearing of boots several sizes too large for the feet. To assist further in the concealment of their identity they cut their hair in foreign style, and the great statesman subsequently remarked with some pride: "Although our physicians at that time had their queues cut off, I may safely say that we set the first example to the nation for dressing the hair in foreign fashion." At the last moment a doubt arose as to whether passages by the steamer would be available, and when this information was conveyed to the little band there was much consternation. Japanese were not allowed to leave the country, and it was realised that any foreigners assisting the escape of the little band were running considerable risk. "In the event of our not being able to leave," Ito declared, "we are ruined and disgraced; so much so that we have no alternative

but to kill ourselves here, because if we go home with this semi-foreign appearance we shall certainly be killed as spies. So we had better die at this moment rather than be brought up at the court, making a sorry crestfallen picture, to be sentenced to death." The members of the party were about to commit *hara-kiri* when the representative of "No. 1 Firm" begged them to be rational, and to await the results of his further efforts in their behalf. Eventually all obstacles were overcome, and Ito and his companions succeeded in reaching Shanghai, where they re-embarked on a sailing-ship bound for England, via the Cape.

On arrival in England it was a representative of "No. 1 Firm" who met Ito and his friends, who saw that they were fitted out in European clothing, so that they "looked like gentlemen," and searched high and low to find for them residential quarters where they could also secure a measure of education. Ito lived to become one of the greatest statesmen the world has ever produced, the Bismarck of Japan. He has himself confessed that his rise to eminence was in no small measure due to the experience that he was able to gain as a consequence of his visit to England, and to the circumstance that, fortified with enlightened views, he returned to Japan at a time when his country was in the death-throes of feudalism.

When we reflect upon the state of barbaric unrest that existed in Japan at the time, constantly threatening as it did the lives of foreigners, we may appreciate the courage of Mr. Keswick in arranging for Ito's escape to England. Were no other achievement to be placed to his record than this, it could well be said of him that he has contributed to the making of history. Thus in more than one instance his early life exhibited initiative and courage of high order, qualities which have made the British Empire what it is to-day, but which unhappily we find only too often lacking in the young men of our times.

LANCELOT LAWTON.

The Magazines

IN the *Fortnightly* this month Mr. S. M. Ellis writes upon "George Meredith and His Relatives." The article is largely explanatory of "Evan Harrington," for, as is well known, it was in that novel Meredith most indulged himself in the autobiographical inclination that visits all who write. In his other books it is possible to find his friends and acquaintances, but in "Evan Harrington" alone is it possible to discover any reference to his relatives. Perhaps, as Mr. Ellis hints, Meredith's subsequent reticence on the whole subject of his early life may partly arise from the fact that in that book he treats of some of his relatives with such frankness. Exactly what that frankness was one has hitherto only been able to guess; but now it is possible to realise its fulness. Mr. Ellis is competent to speak, it appears; for he, like Meredith, is a great-grandson of the "great

Melchisedek," and a grandson of one of the daughters whose effort to baffle discovery of the fact that their father was a tailor provides so much of the plot of the novel. Mr. Paul Seippel, in an article that is rather more journalistic than critical, deals with M. Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe." Despite the fact that he depreciates the value of his work by foreswearing the higher business critical examination (which it is not necessarily too early to begin), he succeeds in giving us an article that one turns to at once because of the light it throws on one of the most noteworthy of modern writers, and his methods. Auditor Tantum, whoever he be, writes a sly article on "The Leader of the Opposition," in which the ostensible purpose seems to have been an appreciation of the present leader, but which happens to be a somewhat invidious comparison between him and the late leader. Mr. W. S. Lilly in "Substitutes for Christianity" deals with some of the laughably pompous make-believe religions of the French Revolution with an indignation that seems a little disproportionate.

The *Oxford and Cambridge Review* now takes its rank as a monthly. In his foreword the editor informs us of his intentions, and it appears that its literary articles are to be as a sort of condiment to the political and religious matter. When one comes to survey the magazines it is almost distressing to be told of more political matter. There is room, and abundant room, for a monthly magazine that shall confine its attention to literary matter, making it of the highest value both in choice and treatment; but on the political side there is too heavy a weight to be borne each month. It tells its own tale when the most interesting article in the present number is "John Milton, Journalist," by J. B. Williams.

In the *English Review* Mr. Maurice Hewlett has a lengthy poem entitled "Hypsipile." One might indeed read the name Persephone instead; for the tale that he tells is no more than a kind of variant of that legend, which has been told often enough in English verse. It is a little surprising to find Mr. Hewlett sprinkling the poems so freely with rhymes not only bad, but so faulty sometimes as to be quite humorous. But the more important matter is that the poem has no spiritual significance at all. Mr. Scott-James, who has recently retired from the *Daily News*, writes about "The Crisis in London Journalism." Much of what he says has, of course, been said before, and about more important things than journalism; yet it is good to have them said again. Certainly there is room for any venture, dramatic or literary or journalistic, that assumes intelligent appreciation in a sufficiently supporting body of readers; but the chief difficulty is that this also assumes intelligence in those who inaugurate and conduct. Miss Cicely Hamilton is very angry at "Man." Moreover, she is a little unjust, too. She has only one good word to say for him, and she says that in satire. Yet she should remember that most of her indictments are double-edged swords—with an edge for each sex. In "Coal and the Nation" Mr. Rowland Kenney deals with the matter of the late strike. He does not give us the fulness of

information that hitherto he has done in his articles; he rather contents himself with adequately reviewing the situation. Walter Sickert, in "The Futurist 'Devil-among-the-Tailors,'" succeeds in not taking a very firm attitude either way, but he gives us one admirable story. Mr. Frederic Harrison continues his articles "Among my Books." This month he deals with drama, on which he has much to say of interest. When he says, however, that Shakespeare should be seen staged rather than read, apart from the fact that one remembers Charles Lamb's wise words on this subject, it is a considerable problem to see Shakespeare staged. That is to say, one of the main strengths of Shakespeare's drama is his construction, his wise culmination, and his subtle alternation of events, and where, one would like to ask, may one see this to-day? It is certainly better to read Shakespeare than to see Shakespeare's skill abused.

"The Real Issue in Ireland," by Mr. Erskine Childers in the *Nineteenth Century*, shows its writer to be very well acquainted with his facts. His array of figures and arguments is most impressive. It is a pity that the *Nineteenth Century* does not more often use articles of literary interest. The nearest approach is one entitled "A Catholic Layman," by Mrs. Algernon Grosvenor, dealing with Sir John Simeon, a name that is rescued from oblivion by its appearance in some of the biographies of the nineteenth century; and the actual thing itself is to be found in Mr. Hamilton-Hoare's "Horace and the Social Life in Rome," in which it is possible to discover an interesting account of the company that the wise Mæcænas gathered round him. Mr. Heathcote Statham strikes a timely blow for the power and value of oratorio in his article "Oratorio versus Opera." It is the habit of most people to consider a passing fancy as an eternal artistic criterion; and the present disapprobation of oratorio is no more than a passing fancy. Mr. Statham, moreover, says some admirable things. For example, to say of Bach that "his style was all formed on the organ, and he writes for solo voices as if he were writing for a solo stop on the organ," is the more illuminating because it is a neglected truth.

In *Blackwood's* this month there is a profoundly interesting article on "Charlotte Brontë's Héger Family and Their School," by Janet Harper. This period of the life of the Brontës has often been treated, but, as it were, in a parenthetical fashion. And yet it is thrown up into new relief in the present study. It is, of course, late in the day to emphasise the importance of the Pensionnat Héger not only in the lives, but no less in the psychologies of the Brontës; consequently it is excellent to have its curriculum outlined without particular reference to them. In this way one is enabled to draw one's own deductions. The same may be said for Mr. Arthur Weigall's article, "Napoleon's Great Adventure." It seems a strange thing to say; yet, despite the multitude of books on the subject of Napoleon, one that shall deal adequately with the growth and development of his psychology is much needed. Nowhere, however, is it better illustrated than in the Egyptian campaign. There especially he revealed the opportunism of a nature that,

if not always megalomaniac, was at least always predisposed to megalomania. He was quite content, indeed was actively desirous, to establish an empire in the East that should even, if need were, vie with and oppose the French Republic—was, in fact, anxious to pick up history where Anthony left it. In "The Riding of Minemileburn" Mr. John Buchan gives us one of his arrestive tales. In the *Cornhill* Mr. Edward Cadogan has an essay on Russia, the limitations of which are well set out in its title, "On the Threshold of Russia." He is very sympathetic with just that part of Russia that always stirs the profoundest anger of Englishmen. The kind of article of which one never tires is by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and is entitled "Birds of a Sussex Garden." How fascinating it is to read even a bare list of the names of birds! Among those rare articles in rather obscure magazines that one finds as it were by accident and keeps and treasures afterwards is one in the current number of *The Utopian*, dealing with the life and attainments of Giordano Bruno of Nola. It is what it professes to be, and one cannot do less than recommend it.

Hope's Antithesis

'Tis well to look, where higher worlds are gleaming—
Light after light, across the Eternal Seas—
And say how far above this strife and scheming
They move—like hearts at ease;
Nor ill to think how, where those star-strewn spaces
Can catch no echo from our darkling fight,
The watchers at their lone or leaguered places
Must bless our beacon light!

'Tis well to know (as those whose faith is certain)
That Golden Years already touch the gate,
That we but need to pass to-morrow's curtain
To find the crooked straight;
Well, too, that those blind Powers at war with meekness
Through one more day compel our souls to steer
By the vast strength that comes from mortal weakness,
By courage born of fear.

'Tis well to see, through gibe and contradiction,
That Good Supreme must make for goodness still,
That all the evil known is human fiction,
Or erring human will;
And good, so long as human art discloses
Its jealous care, in all man's hand has made,
It should be with the griefs as with the roses—
If they are real, they fade.

'Tis well with men when higher hopes will kindle
In ripening years, that still have proved the best,
When they have seen youth's irksome follies dwindle,
And know that work is rest.
Aye! Even well, though wisdom Time has given,
Were doomed, with Time itself, to slip away,
And Youth, renewed, on some wide field of Heaven,
Should call to endless play.

G. M. HORT.

The Theatre

"Othello" at His Majesty's

THE production of "Othello" at His Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday will be memorable for the extraordinarily fine presentment of the title rôle by Sir Herbert Tree. We do not think that any of the actor's predecessors can have surpassed him in power, in dignity and in coherent delineation of the proud warrior's transition from overmastering love to that state, when love indeed was not banished, but outraged feelings and native pride demanded the sacrifice which involved the crash of his own existence. Sir Herbert Tree's performance will undoubtedly display added beauties and polished lineaments when the stress of a first night's representation no longer weighs upon him.

We make no apology for adopting the somewhat unusual course in criticism of at once and without preface dealing with the pre-eminent performance of the evening.

We do not agree with the view attributed to Sir Herbert Tree that "Othello" is a finer tragedy than "Macbeth," or that it occupies the foremost place in comparison with other tragedies of Shakespeare. The trend of the play is somewhat too obvious from the beginning, and the culmination, reached after many acts, was inevitable from the beginning.

Beautifully staged and picturesquely mounted, the play will excite curiosity and interest.

No praise is too high for Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Desdemona. She looked charming, and acted with true art. Desdemona cannot be a wholly congenial character to a young actress, but so far as we were able to observe Miss Neilson-Terry made no mistake, and she is entitled to unstinted admiration.

That Mr. Laurence Irving's Iago was immensely appreciated by the first night audience was abundantly apparent. We have some doubt whether other audiences will endorse the verdict. Full allowance should be made for a young actor presenting an extraordinarily difficult and complex part for the first time, but is the true reading that Iago was an impish, malevolent sprite? If so, one of the greatest of Shakespeare's characters assumes diminished importance in our view. We view Iago as super-subtle, cunning beyond measure, and a model of discernment. We do not think that Othello would have been so utterly decoyed by an Iago who was conspicuously deficient in these qualities. We own that we should look forward with the utmost delight to Sir Herbert Tree's own portrayal of the part.

The other rôles were adequately presented, although it would be wrong to suggest that they were, with the exception of Brabantio—Mr. A. E. George—acted with much distinction.

We offer our cordial congratulations to Sir Herbert Tree on a notable production.

C. C.

The Adelphi Play Society

CERTAINLY the modern dramatist who is desirous of achieving something more than mere journalism in drama (and there are several such, as we know) is in an unhappy plight. The commercial theatre has no use for his work. His only opportunity seemed to have been the various societies which, on Sundays or other days, produced plays and relied on their membership for an audience. But these have now waged war on him. They have declared that there is no dramatist but the foreign dramatist. It is an opinion that we disagree profoundly with, although it is doubtless true that their own procedure will cause their assertion to be realised.

For example, on Sunday, the 31st, at the Little Theatre, we had an opportunity of seeing Anton Tchekof's "The Seagull." Some time ago the Stage Society did the same writer's "Cherry Orchard"; and it is difficult to resist the impression that the chief interest in each performance was the strangeness of the writer's outlook, a strangeness that is the outcome of the wide difference between the whole framework and basis of thought and emotion in Russia and England. The personal and social assumptions are drawn from quite different depths of human nature. Russia knows England better than England knows Russia, and therefore the realisation of that strangeness is acuter here than there; but to think that it is identical with the strangeness with which great drama breaks upon the imagination is to think very shortsightedly. One is a strangeness that remains for ever; the other is to be removed by knowledge and education. The Oresteia is forever wonderful, haunting the imagination, even as Hamlet himself does; but we know and understand the causes of the actions, whereas on Sunday the mind denied real existence to the characters because, while one felt the truth of Tolstoy's remark that Tchekof's art was photography, the mind was at a loss to grasp the seat and causes of their behaviour.

It is perhaps little to the point to say that the play was constructionally weak. It has its place, of course, when it is claimed for Tchekof that he is more worthy of attention than English writers; but it is true that drama must put construction into the melting-pot so as to cast new forms from it. Nevertheless, it was humorously irritating in the first act to see the majority of the characters brought before us in pair after pair, each pair giving us the clue to the significance of their after relation. In this way Masha and Medvedenko, Sorin and Treplef, Treplef and Nina, and Pauline and Dorn, were duly introduced to us, naively enough. And their relations were as duly impressed, an impression that gave us the respective attitudes in the play that largely had to serve in the stead of characterisation. Consequently, when Nina in the second act turned to Trigorin the writer we felt that there was a hiatus unexplained. This was particularly unfortunate, because, being the seat of the whole subsequent tragedy, the mind had to take as a postulate what it could not accept as a conviction. It is true that all drama moves on

postulates, but these postulates have their place at the outset of the play: and all subsequent changes must be logically developed from them. But this logical development is the essence of characterisation, which is the greatest of difficulties that the dramatist has to face; and it was in this very problem that Tchekof chiefly failed to convince. The less his characters had to do in whatever action was forward the better he convinced us of the truth; Sorin, Shamrayef and Dorn standing out quite clearly to the mind, where Nina, Trigorin and Treplef were like clouds that took their shape according to the currents that blew through the play. And when in the last and fourth act (in which the play really began, and which with a little retrospective dialogue might have been made the whole of the play) Nina, discarded by Trigorin and yet rejecting Treplef, goes out to fulfil a theatrical engagement at a cheap provincial theatre, and Treplef's pistol-shot has been heard, while Trigorin plays at cards, there is a strange feeling of insincerity and inconclusion. It is like a rumour that affects us in no way.

This was not only the feeling of the observer; it was also clearly one that affected the actors also. Mr. Leonard Calvert as Sorin, and Mr. Leslie Gordon as Shamrayef, were excellent, as was also Mr. Ross Shore as Dorn; whereas Mr. Elvey, who can put conviction into so much, failed entirely to convey us a sense of Trigorin. It was not his fault; nor was it the fault of Lawrence Anderson that Treplef remained only a nebula. The fault in each case was the ineptitude of the dramatist when he had not only to draw a character, but to make it live and act. As Nina, Lydia Yavorska had as difficult a task, which she made the worse by awkward gesture and ruinous pronunciation. It was Miss Gertrude Kingston who enabled the play to carry through. It was not alone that the character of Madame Arcadina, Trigorin's lover and an actress off and on the stage, was Tchekof's best achievement by far in the play; it was rather that Miss Kingston gave it the strength and conviction of a really fine piece of assured acting. There is no question that the play was an enterprising thing to do, and the audience was a full and distinguished one that rallied to it; but we remain of the conviction that a pioneer society such as this would be better employed on plays by home authors.

Old English Masters at McLean's Galleries

MESSRS. McLEAN'S Spring exhibition is of rather exceptional interest. The Early English school of landscape painters has never had full justice done to it, and, although this exhibition is but a step, it is, nevertheless, a step in the right direction. There are something over a hundred pictures and sketches, many of them of high quality and all of them interesting; but it is not fully representative. The truth is that distinct harm has been done by limiting the study of

our early landscapists in practice to those who worked in water-colour, which was really an accidental medium of expression, adopted for its convenience in out-of-door work. That it had its special merits, of course, speedily came to be recognised; but the objective was still landscape and *plein air* generally. The movement may be said to have run parallel to, if it did not inspire, such work in literature as the devotion to the cult of the open air in writers of prose like Borrow, or of poetry like Wordsworth. It found expression in Gainsborough; it struggled for utterance in Hoppner, and won a devotee in his pupil, Calcott; while its very soul was apparent in the splendid achievement of Turner.

What it was that awoke men at the latter half of the eighteenth century to so intense a realisation of the beauties and call of nature has never, that we know of, been adequately studied or stated. It is customary to remark upon it as a reaction from the current artificialism, and to leave it at that. But whence did that remarkable impulse arise? Dr. Johnson, a genuine man if ever there was one, hated the country, and selects for depreciation just that scenery which the nature-lover most admires. Bunyan stood alone in his day in his passionate appreciation of fine scenery; with his contemporaries such appreciation was but a feeble academic echo of classical models. The rise of the nature school of artists has never been explained, though it is recognised as a fact, and an important one. Nor has full and fair treatment yet been accorded to the men who expressed the new inspiration in colour and line, though its advocates in speech and song have not lacked their sacred bard.

The theme is a fascinating one, and might easily be elaborated into a bulky volume, far beyond the limits of this notice. Perhaps this exhibition may inspire some leisured student to undertake it. The first thing to be observed is the delightful collection of oil sketches by Constable, always so much happier in the immediate presence of Nature than in elaborating memories of her in his studio. He is most at home with grey, showery skies, still waters, and peaceful, spreading landscapes "wherein it seemed always afternoon"—and Saturday afternoon at that—*cujus pax jugis est summa jucunditas*—where there is no echo of coal strikes or the noisy abominations of modern life. He is sensible of the soft environment of atmosphere; his outlook on life is tinged with melancholy; he will not expect too much of it, and blue skies with him are few and far between; but he understands the richness of middle tints, and how it is that "the low sun takes the colour." There are eighteen of these sketches to choose from, and it is hard to pick out special ones for mention. Several of them come from the dispersed collection of the late Mr. Staats Forbes—that strange combination of financier and art-lover—and these are among the best of them. Numbers 3, 4, 5, 10, 14, 15, and 16 may be specially noted, but we are inclined to covet them all. A beautiful study of grey skies and sea and wet sand appears in "Shrimpers," by Jock Wilson; and the vigorous sketch entitled "An Old Church" justifies all

the good things that have been said of that youthful genius who was cut off in his early prime, William Müller. "Pan" (No. 48) is an equally lively work by the same artist. Patrick Nasmyth was one of those rare painters who could combine an almost photographic minuteness of execution with a wonderfully truthful sense of proportion and values; he is not to be imitated, but his work will always give pleasure, as in the exquisite landscape (No. 50), with its brilliant light and perfectly modulated distance, and in his equally striking "Sandy Road" (No. 46). There is some beautiful woodland effect in "The Gipsies' Tent" by a little-known painter, G. B. Willcock, and there are some characteristic pigs by Morland (No. 104).

There is a charming architectural study in oils by J. S. Cotman, "An Old Chapel," and a characteristic specimen of his simple and direct style is to be found in "The Harbour," a boat lying on the mud against a harbour wall, the whole suffused with the ruddy glow of a rich sunset. His large picture, "The Mill," is an evident reminiscence of Rembrandt's famous picture, reproduced by one whose sympathies and genius would be in most perfect accord with it. Cotman is one of those who have not yet fully come into their own. His water-colours are represented by one picture only (No. 35), in which he is hardly at his best. There are one or two typical drawings by Prout, and two glorious water-colours by De Windt, "The Angler, near Pulborough," pulsating with light and full of pure, translucent colour, and a still more lovely sketch of the Wharfe (No. 40), a study of boats on quiet waters in his best style. Two sketches by David Cox show his power of rendering atmosphere in relation to trees and foliage, in an age when that relation was but imperfectly realised; and T. B. Hardy's restrained but exquisite picture of Scheveningen, and still more so his "Afternoon," are masterly productions. Crome has some half a dozen paintings to his credit, the best of which is, perhaps, "Moonlight on the Yare," a fine *tour de force*; and J. Linnell's picture, "On the Wensum," is typical of his strength as well as of his weakness. W. Collins's "On the Heath" is a clever little work, and George Vincent deserves a mention for his "On the Stour." Thus the collection is clearly one which is worth a visit, and one, too, which suggests larger possibilities in the study of our early landscape painters as a whole.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

IN the March number "Catrejns Irrfahrt" and "Durch Persien und Russisch-Turkestan" are concluded; the penultimate instalment of "Die auswärtige Politik der ungarischen Revolution 1848-49," is specially interesting, as containing an account of the debate in the House of Commons on the Russian intervention, with Palmerston's conclusions. Professor Hugo Gressmann treats of Hebrew origins, religion and ethnology, in con-

nection with the story of Moses. Herr Gustav Cohn is alternately optimistic and pessimistic, but on the whole democratically cheerful, about the "Finanzlage des Reiches," and its kindred subject, the burden of armaments; he is hard on the "Junkers," and a keen partisan of well-regulated death duties. The widow of the philosopher, Eduard von Hartmann, tells the story of his early years. Dr. A. Stolberg treats of balloons in Arctic exploration, and Herr Heinrich Friedjung examines the oft-quoted phrase attributed to Schwarzenberg, and supposed to summarise his policy towards Prussia—"Avilir puis démolir." The phrase is found in the speeches and conversations of many Prussian statesmen during the preceding years, and seems to be apocryphal, as far as Schwarzenberg is concerned.

"LE MERCURE DE FRANCE."

The number for March 1 contains two excellent studies "de longue haleine," by MM. Octave Uzanne and Frédéric Barbey respectively, on Mme de Pompadour as patron of art and letters, and the career of Marc-Louis Reverdil as "lecteur" at the court of Stanislas Poniatowski. Possibly M. Uzanne does not add much to what the Goncourts have told of his heroine, except in the matter of her relations to Voltaire, but he gives a good impression of the ennui and "bâillement" of the court of Louis XV. There are good articles on Pierre Quillard and Léon Bloy.

For March 16 there is a formidable list of good things. M. Jules de Gaultier replies wittily and weightily to M. Novicow, defending his "Darwinisme Social" and attacking pacificism all along the line. M. Vielé-Griffin attacks M. Barrès at points where he has laid himself open to the enemy. M. Jacques Mesnil discusses Italian matters in a sad, pacifist, anti-clerical strain; he thinks that the Murri murder case, a sort of pendant to the Dreyfus affair, and the Banque de Rome have had something to do with the expedition to Tripoli. M. Jules Bois resumes his side of the case in the controversy and litigation about his "Vaisseau de Caresses." A translation of Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" is begun, Mrs. Kennard's book on Lafcadio Hearn is severely criticised, and M. Delattre's study of Herrick is favourably noticed.

"LA REVUE BLEUE."

March 2—"Lettres inédites" of Joseph de Maistre to M. G. M. de Place are given in this and the following numbers. M. Paul Flat introduces a new movement for the dissemination of French ideals through an international congress of the universities. M. Le Châtelier explains further in the number of March 23. Sir William Bull supplies the final contribution to the debate on Syndicalism. Mr. Bernard Shaw is to the fore; M. C. Cestre analyses his general treatment of love, and M. Roz has a rather perplexed criticism of "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

March 9—"Nos Erreurs en Tunisie" inspire M. G. Moreau with some sound reflections; he thinks the desire to please has been exaggerated. M. Lux quotes at great length and with much appreciation the article

of Mr. Frank Harris on the Goncourts which recently appeared in THE ACADEMY.

March 16.—M. Paul Louis has an exceptionally good essay on capitalism and large fortunes in ancient Rome. M. Joseph Reinach's presidential address to the Parliamentary group for the suppression of tuberculosis is printed. M. Lafinistre, *à propos* of a recent reprint in this periodical, tells the story of Sully Prudhomme's journey to Rome, accompanied by the writer of the article. M. Louis Villat begins an account of the Dutch family of Jacobsen, who were obliged as Catholics to seek a new home in France, and who, in the eighteenth century, developed the island of Noirmontier.

March 23.—In addition to the contributions already referred to, there is an article by M. Bastide—"Les Français d'Autrefois apprenaient-ils l'Anglais?" Without coming to any very definite conclusion, he seems to find the common judgment—that the English language was discovered for Frenchmen by Voltaire—grossly exaggerated, but he gives numerous and startling examples of grotesque ignorance of this matter in responsible quarters; ambassadors who could not understand a word of the language of the country are indeed a curious anomaly; it appears that the English Revolution owed something to this phenomenon.

Notes and News

Mrs. Alfred Hunt and Miss Violet Hunt are joint authors of a new novel which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are to publish on the 18th inst. The book, entitled "The Governess," contains a preface by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer.

Papers to be read at the Meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, on April 16, include "The Remodelling and Equipment of Madras Harbour," by the Hon. Sir Francis J. E. Spring, K.C.I.E., M.Inst.C.E.; "The Alteration in the Form of Madras Harbour," by Hugh Henry Gordon Mitchell, M.Inst.C.E.

The Adelphi Play Society's production of "Peer Gynt" has been fixed for June 2. Their performance on April 28 will be a triple bill consisting of Strindberg's "Fräulein Julie," Tolstoy's "The Cause of it All," and a new play by an English author, Mr. Clifford Bax, "The Poetasters of Ispahan."

The next meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society will be held on Wednesday, the 17th inst., at 20, Hanover Square, when papers will be read by Mr. J. D. Siddall on "The Life-history of a Marine Diatom from Bournemouth"; and by Mr. E. B. Stringer on "A Modified Form of the Lever Fine-adjustment, and a Simple Turn-out Device for the Sub-stage Condenser."

Mr. Maurice Baring, Sir V. Chirol, the Bishop of Exeter, Sir James Wolfe Murray, and Sir Albert Spicer contribute their impressions of the recent English visit to Russia to the second number of the quarterly

Russian Review. The *Review* is carrying out its programme of making accessible to English readers the views and work of leading men of various parties in Russia, and the collection of a strong list of representative names in a single number is striking testimony to the interest which is felt in that country in the movement for friendship with England.

The London Opera House re-opens for the Summer Season on April 22 next. The following is the first week's repertoire:—April 22 and 27, "Romeo and Juliet"; 23 and 26, "Mignon"; 24, "La Favorita"; and 25, "Tales of Hoffmann." The engagement of Dr. Nikisch as conductor for the production of "The Children of Don," the new opera by Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Josef Holbrooke, on June 7, and for at least two subsequent performances, has given the greatest satisfaction in musical circles, as it is felt that the production of a work which is likely by its character to mark an epoch in musical history could only be undertaken by a conductor of the very highest standing. The opera has been now fully cast, and the special scenery and costumes are in the course of making.

Their Majesties the King and the Queen have been graciously pleased to deposit on loan at the Victoria and Albert Museum an interesting group of musical instruments. The loan consists of a harmonium, a piano, and a harpsichord. The most important and interesting piece of the three is the harpsichord, which is said to be the original one bequeathed by Handel to King George II. It was made by Hans Ruckers the Elder, the first of that celebrated family of Flemish musical instrument makers who worked in Antwerp. It is inscribed "Joannes Rvckers Me Fecit Antverpiae, 1612," and bears the characteristic "rose" trade-mark representing a seated angel playing a harp between the letters "H. R." This and the piano are shown in the East Court (Room 45), in which another harpsichord made by a member of the Ruckers family is also shown. The harmonium is exhibited in the East Cloister of the North Court (Room A).

MOTORING

THE motoring season of 1912 has now fairly commenced, and during the next few months motorists will be taking delivery of cars at the rate of hundreds per week. It is therefore opportune to remind them that they have the option of registering in any county they may choose, and that by paying the registration fee to the Council of a county which does not look to police traps and fines as an important source of revenue for local purposes they can do something towards securing rational and considerate treatment for motorists generally. They should bear in mind that the sovereign they have to pay for the registration of each car is not allocated to road improvement, but to the general funds of the county in which they register, and that by paying in a county which is notorious for its "traps" they are directly contributing to their own undoing. The *Autocar*

points out that the London County Council has received between £20,000 and £30,000 from this source of revenue alone, and that in the outer fringe of London "traps" are more numerous than in any other part of the Kingdom. Surrey and Sussex also have an unenviable reputation among motorists for their respective Councils' relentless enforcement of the legal limit, and it certainly seems justifiable that the motoring community should mark its disapproval of "persecution" by withholding its fees from those and other counties whose authorities are apparently actuated by prejudice, unfriendliness, or avarice in dealing with the car and its driver. Our technical contemporary has taken the trouble to compile a list of the English counties which have been practically free from traps during the past year, and which are therefore deserving of the consideration of the motorist when effecting the registration of his car. It reads as follows:—Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Cornwall, Derbyshire, Devon, Dorset, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Herts, Leicestershire, Monmouth, Norfolk, Northants, Northumberland, Oxford, Rutland, Somerset, Suffolk, Warwickshire, Wiltshire, and Yorkshire (except the West Riding). In place of rushing to the County Council Offices which may be nearest, the motorist, on taking delivery of his car, should take a little trouble and apply for a registration form to the Clerk of the Council of any one of the counties specified.

There appears after all to be a possibility of the establishing of really harmonious relations between the two great motoring organisations, the A.A. and M.U. and the R.A.C. In replying to the toast of "Automobilism" at the dinner of the R.A.C. Associates last week, Mr. Joynson-Hicks, chairman of the Association, expressed his conviction that there was no need for friction between the two organisations, each of which was working for the good of motorists, and he said that it was the wish of his committee to work with the utmost cordiality with the R.A.C., and to stand side by side with it "so that they might do even more than they had done before for the good of the movement, and secure the considerate use of the roads of the country." This declaration from the popular chairman of the A.A. will afford general satisfaction in motoring circles, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the amicable feelings expressed therein are reciprocated on the other side. As a matter of fact, members of these organisations have been getting very tired of the everlasting recrimination between them, and wondering whether their money was being spent to the best advantage.

The importance of securing expert and disinterested advice in the selection of a motor car, new or second-hand, cannot be too much impressed upon the mind of the prospective buyer. If purchasing a new car on his own initiative he is almost certain to select one which is in some respects unsuitable for the work it will have to do; while if making a speculative venture in the second-hand market, without competent advice he is running a thousand risks. As an instance, the other day a friend of the writer bought a second-hand car of good make from a reputable dealer, and on the first run

both brakes went wrong—the side one breaking completely, and the foot-brake not acting at all—with results that might easily have been disastrous. There are, of course, many experts whose assistance can be obtained for a guinea or two, and there are others who are prepared to assist the buyer entirely in his choice of a car and test it thoroughly, free of any charge whatever. One of the best-known of these is Mr. H. L. Aldersey Swann, Consulting Engineer, of 9, Regent Street, London, S.W., whom the writer can recommend with confidence, from personal knowledge. Mr. Swann is an exceptionally capable and experienced motor engineer, thoroughly familiar with the qualities of all the principal makes of cars, and his services both in selection and testing are given to the buyer without charge of any sort. We recommend any of our readers who may be thinking of buying a car to write to the address mentioned for a free copy of his booklet entitled "Hints on Motor Car Purchase."

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

BY RAIL TO INDIA.—I.

THE announcement this week that the Société d'Etudes which was recently formed in Paris is about to despatch a staff of experts to examine the various routes suggested for the Trans-Persian Railway will dispel any doubts that were entertained as to the seriousness of the project. So soon as the reports are available negotiations will be opened between Great Britain and Russia with a view to a joint scheme being finally decided upon. Already the two Governments have agreed in principle that the linking-up of the Indian and Russian railway systems, by means of a line across Persia, will not clash with the High Policy of either State, and that it will tend materially to promote mutual welfare in the form of commercial development.

It is not generally known that another scheme to provide an overland route to India has entered upon a preliminary stage. This scheme, as in the case of the Trans-Persian project, emanates from St. Petersburg, and although so far it has not been accorded official support, the promoters are believed to be very highly placed personages. Briefly, it consists in a revival of the much-discussed proposal to build a line from Samarkand, on the Russian Central Asian Railway, to a point somewhere near the Oxus River, and from thence straight across Afghanistan to Peshawur. This route would lie through very mountainous country, but in the matter of distance it offers enormous advantages over any that may be decided upon across Persia. Both the schemes involve grave questions of High Policy, and before the British Government commits itself to support either Par-

liament will be afforded not one but many opportunities of debating upon the subject. Much that can be said for or against the one applies with equal force to the other.

It is the change in the international situation alone that has at last brought within the region of practical discussion the question of providing a railway route to India, a question which, at frequently recurring intervals during the last sixty years, has been mooted only to be dropped in the face of the hopelessness of political conditions. Active opposition to the Trans-Persian project has begun to make itself manifest; and when it becomes more generally known that the Trans-Afghanistan project is supported in exceptionally influential circles in Russia, doubtless it will also meet with considerable hostility in this country. Already it is contended that as a result of the Anglo-Russian Convention Persia, to all intents and purposes, has ceased to be a "buffer State," and fears are expressed that the proposed railway may imperil the safety of the Indian Empire. Such objections were only to be anticipated when we reflect that our approval of the scheme, even in principle, involves an important departure from traditional policy. But the circumstance should not be overlooked that this traditional policy was based upon the fear of Russian aggression. The creation of the Triple Entente, however, has brought to us a sense of security in regard to our Indian Empire. Pessimistic critics, not unmindful of the fickle character of international relations to-day, and anxious to gain a reputation for statesman-like foresight, are not slow to point out that while the construction of the railway involves a permanent departure in policy, no effective guarantee of the continuance of Russia's friendship can possibly be forthcoming.

Although the fact accomplished, that is to say, the cordial nature of the relations existing between Great Britain and Russia, must be a determining factor in the decision of the two Governments to give their support to the railway, the circumstances which have led to the fact accomplished should not be forgotten by those who on first consideration are inclined to oppose the project. To Russia the world-wide activities of Germany were as much a matter of concern as they were to Great Britain. But in the Middle East, more particularly in Persia, these activities came into direct conflict with the interests of the two Powers. Surely, then, the sensible procedure was that Great Britain and Russia should compose their differences rather than allow a Third Power to creep into the breach and share the spoils. In the Far East Russia and Japan have pursued a similar course. To prevent the encroachment of other Powers they have arrived at an arrangement which is tantamount to a declaration of "hands off" to the rest of the world.

The signs of the awakening of Persia to a sense of national consciousness rendered it imperative that Great Britain and Russia should make themselves responsible for the future of that country. Had they neglected to do so the task would assuredly have fallen to the hands of others. Germany did not hesitate, in face of the Anglo-Russian Convention, to apply at Teheran for

several important concessions, and it was only when she had arrived at some understanding with Russia regarding the ultimate joining up of the Baghdad line with the Persian Railway that her activity subsided.

To have acquiesced in the setting up of Constitutional Government in Persia and at the same time denied the country adequate railway development was inconceivable. In any regrets that Persia is no longer to be a "buffer State" the all-important fact must not be lost sight of that with the completion of the Baghdad Railway the isolation of India will practically cease. Although the last section of this line will be under international control, the undertaking, generally speaking, is to be dominated by Germany; and it is not concealed that it will be used to spread German influence, if not systematic colonisation, in the region of the Middle East. The present sea route to Bombay via Brindisi occupies eleven and a half days. A sanguine estimate of the Baghdad line reduces that time to ten days. The promoters of the Trans-Persian scheme declare that the new route which it is to provide from London to Bombay will be about 5,700 miles, and compute that the whole journey will be covered in seven days—three days less than by the Baghdad route. Here, surely, sufficient justification for the construction of the Trans-Persian Railway is forthcoming. Were we not to embark upon the enterprise we should abandon to Germany the prestige of providing what to all intents and purposes would be the first overland route to India, or, to be strictly accurate, to a point within close proximity of India. Nor would much time elapse before a second route under foreign control would be created.

Russia has already contracted with Germany to connect the Persian railways with the Khanikin-Sadijeh branch of the Baghdad system. Then in time the Persian railways will be joined up with the Caucasian railways, and the final link in the second overland route to which I have alluded would be provided by the projected line that is to cross the Caucasus. Great Britain and Russia, therefore, in deciding to support the principle of a Trans-Persian railway are merely anticipating events which no action of theirs can avert. It is the opinion of that eminent authority, Colonel A. C. Yate, "that in carrying out this scheme Persia may be no more than the instrument of the ambitions of greater Powers; but none the less the prospect is full of promise for her, and if ever she has the opportunity of reviving the past glories of Maushirwan and Shah Abbas, this is it. British interests, political and commercial, will be best served by a strong Persia, and if this railway is to strengthen Persia it will strengthen Great Britain. From a strategic point of view there is no railway route safer for India than that of the proposed Trans-Persian railway." Nor is there any reasonable ground for fear that the undertaking may cause friction with Germany. No objection will be raised to a connection with the Baghdad Railway. Consequently events may yet prove that far from being an element of international discord, the line will contribute in no small measure to international harmony.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE holidays are over and the Stock Exchange came back to work; but found none. This was not pleasant, and it cast a gloom over the spirits of the House punters, who even refrained from plunging in Tin shares. No one away on their Easter holidays seems to have thought of sending their brokers an order to buy anything. Consequently there were no orders to execute, and the result was depressing. Yet the coal strike has ended, and the Board of Trade Returns are reasonably good. They are almost quite good. Trade has been interfered with by the strike, but the damage appears more moral than material. Large works using thousands of tons of coal a week have been compelled to shut down, but the smaller factories have kept open. The actual damage done by the strike has been much exaggerated. We have had an attack of nerves; our confidence has been shaken. It is useless railing at a nation because it has nerves. All large bodies of men seem subject to these strange tremors in these days. Witness Germany and her Anglophobia. Everyone has strike mania on the brain. Last year France had it very badly; now it is our turn. No new companies have made their bow since I last wrote, but many are ready. A few little Tin companies have been registered. These fifty-thousand-pounders do not publicly flaunt their beauties—they are shy. They will not even tell the Stock Exchange what they possess. They confide in one jobber, to whom is given the put and the call. If he cares to print a slip for his clients, well and good; but the officials of the company do not know anything. Thus the law is evaded. 'Tis sure the jobber must get his information from the official, and it would seem clear that if any purchaser found flagrant misstatements made he could demand his money back. A sound judge would brush aside the legal quibbles and hold that a secretary who told a broker who told a jobber who told another broker who told a client was but a chain of connected statements all published with intent to sell shares. Thus the damage done by the snowball must be paid for by the man who originally started it rolling. Thirty or forty little Tin companies have been put upon the market in this insidious manner—some of them deliberate swindles. A man who buys shares on a definite statement that can be traced home to the office of the company could, if he chose to spend the money, get back what he had lost. The thing has become a scandal. Unless it is stopped it will end in disgrace to the Stock Exchange.

MONEY has been a little cheaper. But the active condition of the American Market may prevent any lowering of rates. New York has lent Berlin a good deal of money, and she will require repayment if the buying in Wall Street grows much bigger. Then Berlin will have to make fresh arrangements. The end of the quarter is over, and the new loans can of course be made, but their making will harden markets.

FOREIGNERS have hardly moved since last week. It is now said that Russia will join the Four Powers in the Chinese loan pool. It would seem to an outsider that China is not being treated very well, and that the Powers are making trouble for themselves. England is now one of five. Yet her trade is as much as all the other Powers' put together. Perus have not been strong. The "bull" account here is very stale indeed.

HOME RAILS.—The traffics are not good, but we do not know what savings the railways effected during the strike. The lines show great reluctance in going back to the old

schedule of train service. They do not intend to give the public what they gave before the strike—unless, of course, they are forced by public opinion. It is said that the trunk lines intend working together and running their trains at agreed times. They pretend by this that they can thus give a better all-round service and save money. But I doubt it. Some of the railways have behaved disgracefully during the strike, and put the public to vast inconvenience without any real reason. If they intend to continue this policy they are most short-sighted. They have just instilled into their public the travelling habit, and a few months of slow trains, crowded and dirty carriages, will disgust that same public, and takings will fall away. Enterprise such as that shown by the Great Eastern, which did not take off a single train, must tell in the end. This line is steadily making headway. The strike has given it a magnificent advertisement. The kind of notoriety earned by the Great Western and the South Eastern, who have treated their customers very badly, will have a bad effect upon both companies in the long run.

YANKEES.—Wall Street has decided that, Election or no Election, it must gamble, and the little man has been buying Rocks and Eries whilst his richer brother has purchased Unions or Canadian Pacifics. The sentiment has changed, and a "bullish" tone holds. Unions are going right away back to 185 or perhaps 190, whilst no one is rash enough to forecast the future of Canadian Pacifics. The story that the land and the railway will be formed into separate companies has been told any time these past three years. It is always denied. It does not seem credible that the directors will forego the advantage of holding the land and the railway in one tight grip. The two things work together in a new country like Canada. Rocks are again the centre of a financial cyclone, and no one pretends to know what is going on. The railway is admittedly a huge agglomeration, and would prove a godsend to a rich rival. Whether the Union Pacific intend taking control or whether any other big house has the matter in hand, we do not know—we do know that the stock is being bought, and paid for.

RUBBER shares are still out of favour. Such reports as appear do not impress us, and though many newspapers continue to write about Rubber as though it was an important market in the House, we may accept their remarks with a smile. Puffing Rubber is good business for these papers, for they earn a great portion of their dividends by reporting the speeches made by optimistic chairmen. But whatever the papers may say, the public resolutely refuses to buy, thereby showing sound commonsense.

OIL looks all the time as though it were on the eve of a boom. But, unless we except Shells, the market is dull and orders scarce. Shells have had a big rise, but I think the price justified. This company, in conjunction with Royal Dutch, is growing bigger each day. It is said that Amsterdam has taken a hand in the Red Sea deal and that Chelekens are going up. The Allen and Barnett oil deal will soon be ready. There is even talk of a rise in the Oil Trust of Galicia, that astounding promotion now in the hands of Mr. Hicks.

KAFFIRS.—The Kaffir magnates, having agreed that shareholders should see their reports before the meeting, kindly sent out a huge budget the day before the holidays. I do not suppose many people took away the half-hundredweight of printed matter to read at the seaside or in the country. A more uninteresting collection of reports has never been seen before. These magnates are very wise. They know that most mining reports are mere nonsense to all but the initiated, and that the speech of the chairman is the only clear light ever thrown upon them. Now we get the reports but no speech. Much good may it do us!

RHODESIANS.—They say that this market is cheerful. It has, however, curious ideas of being cheery. Yet

Chartered have been steady, and the dealers talk them higher. But Mines are *démode*, flat, and stale.

TIN shares were promised a big rise after Easter. I honestly think that the Goldfields purchase of 10,000 shares in Anglo at £5 should help the dealers. I know that the insiders talk the price to £10 and back their opinion. If Anglos rise they will take other Tin shares with them. And I believe they will rise.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are dull, if we except Marconi, which go on rising in spite of the "bull" account. But the jobbers are afraid of Canadian Marconi, and stand aside. Hudson Bays have touched 131 on the definite tale of splitting—a tale I believe in. They say the Indo China Steam Navigation will be absorbed, and that the shares are worth par.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

GRANT ALLEN'S VERSES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—By a remarkable coincidence I was reading "Only an Insect" in "Ladhope Leaves: A Spring Garland," dated 1887, just before reading it in THE ACADEMY Supplement, and was taken with the fact that Grant Allen must have rewritten it and added this clause which is *not* in your copy:—

"For never as yet
In its wordy strife
Could philosophy get
At the import of life,
And Theology's saws
Have still to explain
The inscrutable cause
For the being of pain.
So I somehow fear
That in spite of both
We are baffled here
By this one singed moth."

MARGARET M. MACPHERSON.

Belville, 27, Seaview Terrace,
Joppa, near Edinburgh.

"THE WRITER'S TRAGEDY."

(A Postscript to "The Writer's Trade.")

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The article on "The Writer's Trade" (reprinted from THE ACADEMY of July 7, 1900) is one to which every author must feel compelled to add a postscript. Not so much because he may disagree with so admirable, so humorous, so comforting a description of the trade of trades, as because the subject is at once so close to the universal and so deeply personal. The spirit of literature itself depends upon the way in which writers view their craft, and each author finds his individual inspiration or his despair in the attitude which he cultivates towards his ideals on the one hand and the necessities of the market on the other. If all of them could bring into play the serenely philosophic temper suggested in the reprinted article, authors would be the most contented race on earth. But the invincible fact is that they are among the most discontented of men; and one of the reasons is that they are constitutionally unable to accept the principle, so persuasively offered by this author of twelve years ago, that they should be satisfied with their destiny as ephemeral writers. The emphatic aversion of the ordinary human being to annihilation at death is sub-

limited, in the author's case, into an imperishable hope that some fragment at least of his work will gain immortality. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand this hope is absolutely vain, but its vanity makes it all the more precious. So also does the impossibility of predicting literary immortality. The immortals, as the writer already mentioned remarks, "rarely know their luck." This means that every author with any ambition above royalties must hope, in the silent recesses of his heart, that the luck may be his own. Neglect cannot kill the hope; for nothing is more notorious than the world's coldness towards its living geniuses. Nor can the absence of a conviction that immortality is deserved, or of a deliberate intention to court it, affect the desire, because many immortal works have been produced unconsciously, as it were, without any idea that the words would live to be honoured by countless generations.

Every author, therefore, hunts a will-o'-the-wisp in his dreams. That is pathetic enough, but it is not so disturbing as the impossibility of finding any reliable test, save that of Time, for the value of the work which he is doing. The desire of Grant Allen and of Hazlitt to be remembered by works which posterity has agreed to forget is typical of this tragic difficulty. And if writers are apt to be hopelessly mistaken about their productions, the critics are not much more useful as a guide. The mathematical sum of contemporary criticism about a book or about the relative merits of an author's successive books, generally approximates to zero. How many authors have not sighed for the Infallible Test which will enable them to gauge their own progress or guard against their own retrogression! In the absence of this test, the author is perpetually haunted by the thought that he is losing ground, or working in the wrong direction, or following wrong methods. Then when he satisfies his artistic conscience, or pleases the critics he honours most of all, the little devil doubt does not cease to torture him with its mark of interrogation. No author can be philosophical unless he feels convinced that his tenth book is better than his ninth, and his seventy-third better than his seventy-second. But who or what is to provide the conviction?

Added to these insoluble problems of the spirit there is the half-soluble problem of the conflict between artistic ideals and vital necessities. Grant Allen declared that he "never cared for the chance of literary reputation except as a means of making a livelihood for Nellie and the boy." This sort of declaration deceives nobody, least of all the man who makes it. "Nellie and the boy" are, from the artistic point of view, irrelevant and a nuisance. And in this connection it is necessary to kill and bury the ancient fallacy that woman is the essential inspiration of works of genius. Woman is not the celestial wind which fills the sails of the artistic craft. She is, at best, nothing but the ballast; and too much of this kind of ballast has sunk many a noble ship. The blunt truth of the matter is that exceedingly few women have any real sympathy with the deepest and highest ambitions of the writer. As a rule they are only too ready to exchange quick returns for the verdict of posterity. The success that they appreciate is the success which translates itself into money or glory within the author's lifetime. They have no patience with the man who steadily pursues, in seclusion and neglect, an ideal so delicate and so visionary that he can hardly put it into words. They are quite willing that he should sell the vague illusory thing he calls his soul, in order that he may gain the whole world for himself and for her. With all their sensitiveness of heart and power of intuition, there never was a woman who shed a single tear on the day when her husband stopped creating things of beauty and turned to the practical business of an author's life—the production of something that would sell.

The root of the whole matter is that the author, in this world of hunger and thirst, of material civilisation, and uncertain standards of judgment, is a tragic figure. He never knows whether he is immortal or one of the least of mortals; and the more he climbs, or appears to climb, the more certain he becomes that he is the latter. In such circumstances it is an ironical counsel of perfection to bid him be of good cheer and consider himself as ephemeral. I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

LOGICUS.

PESSIMISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—There are so many failures in life through want of confidence in oneself, so many disappointments as the result of our past efforts to achieve some great end in life, so many wrong methods, and so much wasted time before we get on the right track (if ever we do get there), that the majority of individuals may well call this a pessimistic age. If we could only commence life with the experience we end it with we might have some idea before we started on anything whither our thoughts and actions were leading us. But even here we have no certainty as to results. For men are such peculiar creatures that they not only fail to get any good to themselves out of their past experience, or the experience of others, but in all probability if they had things to do over again they would do them worse. Some optimistic individuals go a little way with a cheerful gait, and think, like Alexander, they soon will weep because they have no more worlds to conquer. They imagine they are born with faculties and powers capable of almost anything, but when they have gone a few steps, despair takes hold of them, and they are crippled for life. It is not generally through want of capability so many men fail in their undertakings. What is lacking is want of patience, or steady persevering effort. Most men also lack confidence in the Almighty, and so lose faith in themselves. And when a man comes to such a state as this, and says, "I cannot do this; it is impossible," then he makes what is possible impossible, for no man can do what he believes impossible to do. But if we believe we have power in ourselves to do whatever we desire to do, and then set ourselves to work to do it, we will soon realise that the thing which once seemed impossible has become a possibility and an actual fact. Yours faithfully,

"Lynton,"

Brockley Rise, S.E.

J. R. MORTON.

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- The Open Secret of Ireland.* By T. M. Kettle. With an Introduction by J. E. Redmond, M.P. (W. J. Ham-Smith.)
- Afforestation and Unemployment.* By Arthur P. Grenfell. (The Fabian Society. 1d.)
- Family Life on a Pound a Week.* By Mrs. Pember Reeves. (The Fabian Society. 2d.)
- Dickens Exhibition, March to October, 1912.* Illustrated. (Victoria and Albert Museum Guides. 6d.)
- Le Roman Anglais Contemporain.* By Firmin Roz. (Hachette and Co. 3 fr. 50 c.)
- Socialism and Character.* By Vida D. Scudder. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.)
- The True Traveller.* By W. H. Davies. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

- The Nonconformist Treason.* By Michael J. F. McCarthy. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)
- Studies in Jacob Böhme.* By A. J. Penny. Illustrated. (John M. Watkins. 6s. net.)
- Is Home Rule Rome Rule?* By Joseph Hocking. (Ward, Lock and Co. 1s. net.)
- The Insurance Act and Yourself.* By Horace B. Samuel, M.A. (Thomas Murby and Co. 6d. net.)
- Play-Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship.* By William Archer. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Random Notes and Reflections.* By Joseph Harris. (Published by the Author at 17, Lancaster Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool. 2s. 6d., post free.)
- Selected Essays by Ahad Ha-'Am.* Translated from the Hebrew by Leon Simon. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.)
- The Children's Bread.* A One-Act Play by Blamire Young. (D. W. Paterson Co., Melbourne.)
- The Essence of the Universe.* By Edwin Lucas. (Published by the Author at 4, Grafton Mansions, Duke's Road, W.C. 5s.)
- The Passing of Babel, or Esperanto and its Place in Modern Life.* By Bernard Long, B.A. (The British Esperanto Association. 6d. net.)
- In Defence of America.* By Baron von Taube. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)
- Taxation and Anarchism.* A Discussion between the Hon. Auberon Herbert and J. H. Levy. (The Personal Rights Association. 1s. net.)
- A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.* (Vol. IX.) Th—Thyzle. Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. (Henry Frowde. Double Section, 5s.)
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FICTION.

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